



METHODS OF MACKASSY.

TWO CORRESPONDENTS WHO HAVE DIFFERENT VIEWS.

Halifax is Getting All Ready for the Annual Fight About a Liquor License Inspector. Why Some Citizens Have Been Disappointed in the Past.

HALIFAX, Feb. 1.—At a meeting of the city council next week the liquor license inspector for another year will be appointed. Applications for the position are to be in today, and it is understood that two will offer to serve the city. John A. Mackasey wants to be inspector for twelve months more, and Walter E. Meservey will oppose him for the position.

There is no use disguising the fact that the present license law is not popular in Halifax, and except in the temperance party is generally condemned as unworkable. On that unpopularity Mackasey seems to depend for re-election. He is doing his best to show that the law cannot be enforced, and to impress the public with the idea that he is the man who can best sit in his office and do nothing, so that there may be no question about the unworkability of the law. He is trying to please people whom he expects to support him, not only by doing nothing to earn his salary, but by placing every obstruction he can in the way of Chief O'Sullivan and the police force, who are waging an aggressive war against violations of the law. He is leaving no stone unturned to make himself solid with the opponents of the license law.

Mr. Mackasey does not conceal his work, nor his opposition to the police, and if his attention is called to the matter he lets himself down by saying he made a "mistake." For instance in a recent summons to H. Howell he dated the paper 1893 instead of 1894. A number of summonses he has sent out unsigned by the magistrate, of course thus rendering them void. The police some time ago secured the conviction of Verdi and of Flawn. Mr. Mackasey in making out papers to secure payment of the fine inserted Verdi's name on Flawn's document, to Mr. Flawn's great delight, in fact a large percentage of the processes issued by him are marred in some way. Thus Mr. Mackasey seems to hope to strengthen himself with the city council. Surely it will prove a short-sighted policy this time, though success has met him before.

Meservey's qualifications are unknown. He may be a better man, could hardly be as bad, and certainly could not be worse than the present license inspector. He runs a hair-dressing business, and one would think he should find that a more congenial occupation than even drawing \$1,000 a year as liquor license inspector for this city.

The aldermen will make it a close vote—Mackasey versus Meservey. The liquor people of Halifax have a bill before the legislature to legalize selling by the glass and drinking at the counter. Neither can now lawfully be done in Halifax. They also want the hours for selling changed to 7 in the morning and 11 at night, five days in the week, and 6 in the morning till 9 at night, on Saturdays. The license fee is to be \$100, and it shall be unnecessary to obtain signatures to a license application after having held a license for two years. On the other hand the temperance people have introduced an amendment abolishing screens in bar rooms and making it compulsory to have the bar and the whole interior of the shop exposed to view from the street.

THANKS MACKASSY DOES RIGHT. Another Opinion as to the Inspector's Methods.

HALIFAX, Jan 24.—The annual struggle over the appointment of liquor license inspector for this city, under the provisions of the Nova Scotia liquor license act of 1886, will, according to present indications, be marked this year with a degree of activity and bitterness that will exceed all previous battles, sanguinary as some of these have been. Mr. John A. Mackasey has held this position ever since the act came into force, and the extreme temperance element has not been pleased with his administration of the law. Their somewhat fanatical views do not meet with the support of citizens generally and the city council which holds the appointment in its hands, has kept him in office, in spite of earnest, if not strong, pressure from those who sought his removal by making general charges of lax administration and of partiality to the vendors of the ardent as against the wishes of those who think it a crime either to buy or sell a glass of liquor.

The position of inspector, although fairly well paid, the salary being \$1,200 per year, is not by any means an easy one to fill. It requires tact and judgment, and the holder of it is continually being roasted between two fires. On the one hand there is the liquor interest, which is a very powerful one, especially when we put, as they should be put in all fairness, the seller and the buyer in the same boat. The writer, and he has had exceptionally good means of obtaining correct information on the subject, has no hesitation in saying that at least seven out of ten of the adult male population of Halifax are in the habit of drinking intoxicating liquors to a more or less extent. This habit is not by any means confined to the baser element of the community, as the friends

of extreme temperance legislation are pleased to contend—but includes men occupying the highest social, commercial, public and professional positions. A too literal construction and administration of a law, a law which is far in advance of public opinion in Halifax, would not be acceptable to these people, and the inspector who would act on these lines would find himself extremely unpopular with a very large majority of the citizens. On the other hand, there is the active, persistent and untiring extremists representing temperance fanaticism, who are always on the alert to trap him and catch him in some apparent winking at violations of the law. He would be argus-eyed indeed, if he were capable of finding evidence strong enough to convict every offender; yet his foes think that he should be dismissed in disgrace should they hear of some case of sale at forbidden hours on six days in the week, or any sale at all on Sunday. Under these circumstances, it will be readily admitted that his position is not one to be envied. The writer thinks that, all things considered, Mr. Mackasey has discharged his duties with discretion and common sense, and there is no doubt that this is the view taken by all fair-minded people in the city. If the position were put up to popular vote he would be re-appointed at the close of his term, 15th March, by an overwhelming majority.

As has been said, his tenure of office is in the hands of the City Council, and this year a determined effort will be made by his enemies to influence that body to dismiss him and fill his place by the appointment of a man who will be expected to discharge the functions of a violent partisan in the interests of extreme temperance. The lines have been fairly well laid to accomplish this purpose by a conspiracy of which the chief of police, O'Sullivan, is reputed to be the principal agent, if not the prime organizer. Since his appointment he has been very active in endeavoring to harass certain license holders, while the same activity has not been displayed in rooting out shebeens where vile liquors are sold without any sanction of law. He has tried to organize the whole police force into a band of liquor detectives acting under his instructions. If the force were at their legitimate work, fewer serious crimes would be committed and the general good order of the city would be better maintained. If there were less evident malice in the selection of victims and less manifest partiality in overlooking the lapses and delinquencies of more notorious offenders his conduct would not be looked upon with the feeling which it now excites in many influential quarters. The prime motive, however, in such prosecutions as he has set on foot is alleged to be to undermine and throw discredit upon the fidelity and good faith of inspector Mackasey. When a conviction is secured by him or his agents against any liquor seller, there is a shrugging of the shoulders and a malignant winking of the eye, accompanied with the sneering question, "Where was Mackasey?"

I have given the readers of PROGRESS a general outline of the plan of campaign in the pending contest and, with your permission, will describe the unfolding of future developments as they may occur.

FREE LANCE.

AMONG BOSTON THEATRES. Dramatic Events That Attract the Citizens of the Hub.

Well we have had the great English actor and actress with us for four weeks and they have as usual, with them, captured the town and put much money in their purse. It had never before this enjoyment been my pleasure to see Irving and Miss Terry, and I looked forward to their coming with agreeable anticipations. I have of course read and heard much of Irving and had formed ideas of my own as to his abilities as an actor, ideas which were confirmed into certainties when I saw him. In the round of plays produced during the engagement namely: Becket, Henry VIII, Merchant of Venice, Charles I, Olivia, Lyons Mail, Louis XI, and The Bells, one was fairly able to judge of the abilities of the actor, and of them all, Irving's Shylock, in the Merchant of Venice, and his Mathias in The Bells struck me as showing his best work. Irving to my mind is more of a melodramatic actor than anything else, and in plays of that class he shows his abilities to greater advantage than in those of the more strictly legitimate school. His Louis XI, the double character in The Lyons Mail, Mathias and Shylock are more effective than his Becket, Wolsey or Charles I. Irving cannot be considered a great actor, in the sense that Macready or Booth were, or the elder Salvini is; he is a good actor, but he has his limitations, and also is handicapped by his many mannerisms, tricks of speech and odd changes of pronunciation. As a manager and stage director he stands pre-eminently, and it is safe to say that no man in the business puts plays on the stage in the same manner, with the same careful attention to detail of every kind, as does Henry Irving. His productions are perfect pictures superbly framed. In Becket one could almost fancy that Rosamond's Bower was a reality; in Henry VIII, the Merry Masque in the great Cardinal's palace, and the procession that thronged around Anne Bouleyn on her return from her coronation, were no mere stage pic-

tures, the excited crowd that filled the court-room during the trial scene in the Merchant of Venice, did not look like ordinary stage effects; in Olivia the simple, rural surroundings had not the appearance of ordinary theatrical appointments, and in short, in every production the master's hand was plainly in evidence, and the master's patient care was visible in the perfect representation of the several plays. None of my pre-conceived ideas regarding Irving's status as an actor have been changed, rather made stronger and hardened into actual belief.

Miss Terry, without whose aid Mr. Irving would not now have occupied his present proud position, is charming. Undoubtedly she stands today the best all round actress on the stage. There are actresses who excel her in individual parts, but there is no one who could play the number of parts Miss Terry does and play each so well. Her Rosamond is lovely, sweet and fair indeed; her Portia, which in the opinion of many is her masterpiece, is a revelation. It is a treat to hear her read the lines of the great speech in the trial scene in the "Merchant of Venice," beginning: "The quality of mercy is not strained," and that lovely picture she made in the doctor's flowing robes of scarlet; her Queen Katherine was noble and womanly; her Queen Henrietta was witty and devoted; when I found that Miss Terry was cured of the deafness which was supposed to have been caused by my catarrh. I continued the Pink Pills for a month and a half longer, and I now consider myself perfectly cured after having been deaf for ten years. I can hear ordinary conversation and am fit for business, though I am yet a little dull of hearing, but this is not deafness, it is simply dullness, the result of my ten years' inability to hear conversation, which still leaves me with an inclination not to heed what is being said. But I am all right and you may say from me that I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best medicine known to man, and that I shall be forever indebted to them for my renewed health and strength.

Newspaper ethics usually prevent the publication in the news columns of anything that might be construed as an advertisement, and thus much valuable information is suppressed that might prove of incalculable benefit to thousands. The praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills should be sung throughout the land, they should be familiar in every household, and newspapers should omit in making them so.

An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending on vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

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gave no heed to the pain, thinking it would disappear; but on the contrary it grew worse, and in the course of a few weeks, I had to use a cane and could scarcely lean my weight on my leg. I continued to go about this way for two weeks, when a similar cramp attacked my left arm, and in less than two weeks, in spite of all I could do for it, I could not raise the arm four inches from my body and I found that the trouble was partial paralysis. Judge my condition—a leg and an arm useless and deaf besides. Being able to do nothing else, I read a great deal and one day noticed in one of the city papers of a man being cured of paralysis by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I immediately began the use of Pink Pills and before I had finished the third box I noticed a curious sensation in my leg, and the pain began to leave it excepting when I endeavored to walk. Well the improvement continued, gradually extending to my arm, and by the time I had completed the seventh box my leg and arm were as well as ever, and my general health was much better. And now comes a stranger part of my experience. I began to wonder why people who were conversing with me would about so loud. Of course they had always had to shout owing to my deafness, but I was under the impression that they were beginning to shout much louder. After having bade them "speak lower" several times, I inquired why they still persisted in shouting, or rather yelling at me, and was surprised to be informed that they were not speaking as loud as formerly. This led to an investigation and judge of my joy when I found that Pink Pills were curing the deafness which was supposed to have been caused by my catarrh. I continued the Pink Pills for a month and a half longer, and I now consider myself perfectly cured after having been deaf for ten years. I can hear ordinary conversation and am fit for business, though I am yet a little dull of hearing, but this is not deafness, it is simply dullness, the result of my ten years' inability to hear conversation, which still leaves me with an inclination not to heed what is being said. But I am all right and you may say from me that I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best medicine known to man, and that I shall be forever indebted to them for my renewed health and strength.

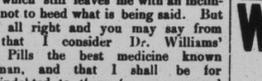
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T. YOUNGCLAUS intends moving at 1st May to his commodious store in Union Block, Cor. Mill and Main Sts., North End.

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# Musical and Dramatic.

## IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

At St. Paul's church on the occasion of the 100th anniversary of the death of the great composer, the musical program was a very interesting feature. The service was conducted in a manner that attracted attention to the importance of the event and the efficiency and devotion of all participating. The program consisted of hymns, "For all the Saints, etc." was sung, followed by psalm 145-146, appropriate chorals. The Requiem was followed by choruses from the oratorio, St. Paul. The first of these was the recitative, "And Paul Came to the Consignation," sung by Mrs. Carter in the most beautiful and expressive manner that characterizes that lady's best work. The second "We are Ambassadors," by the Rev. Mr. Dickson and Mr. A. H. Smith was also a pleasure. The Rev. Mr. Dickson by the way, is the new pastor of St. Paul's and has a very pleasing tenor voice. The augmented choir, supported by organ and orchestra, then gave "How Lovely are the Messengers," with a precision and promptness that is somewhat rare in choir work in our city, and this too with but one rehearsal. The recital then sang "The Good Faithful unto Death." Hymn 516 "The Church's One Foundation" and 426 "Hark the Sound of Holy Voices" were sung by the full choir, with their previous exaltation, closing with the recessional hymn 579 "New Thank we all our God." All the work of this choir shows conclusively what a little care and attention coupled with an interest in the work will effect in respect of any choir in the city. By the way I hope to have something to say in this column about church choirs generally before long.

Another musical programme of interesting character, too late for mention last week, was that of the benefit concert given in Germania street hall, St. Paul. The soloists on that occasion are well known and can generally be relied upon to give satisfaction. Mrs. Warden always pleases, and Mr. C. H. Mayes invariably impresses his audience with his suggestions in his work and his desire to greatly improve his hours. The programme was successfully given throughout.

Prof. Fisher, organist of St. Andrew's church, has been added to the staff of the Marley College. He has been conducting the examinations in music there, and is now, I understand, permanently engaged.

Her Carl Walker, of this city, the now well known violinist, is to superintend a production of "Trial by Jury" in Fredericton at an early day. The talent will be Frederictonian.

Tenne and Understones. Jean and Edmond de Rezke are both ill with the grip.

Myron W. Whitney is suffering somewhat in his health and will shortly go to Florida to recover.

Paderewski will return to America next November. He will begin his season in San Francisco, Cal.

Concerts for the benefit of the unemployed are being given in several of the larger cities of the United States.

The most interesting musical event of the last week in New York was Madame Melba's great triumph in Rousset and Juliet. Of her voice Walter Damrosch has said "there are no registers in her voice";

it is all one." This comes there is not a change in the colour of her tones in ascending or descending. Her voice is perfect and her training all that the most advanced school of vocalists can give. She dazzled her audience with her vocal feats.

Patti sang at the Auditorium, Chicago on Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon last to a total audience of \$20,000.

Miss Lillian Russell, (Madame Perogial) will bring "The Princess Nicotine" to the Hollis Street theatre Boston, next week. One of this lady's bridal presents was a solid gold toilet set, from the groom.

Signora Calve sang the role of Susanna in "Cavallera Rusticana," in New York last week. It is said to have been the greatest performance that opera has ever had in that city. "This work will be given in St. John next week."

Madame Materna sang in a concert of Wagner's music in Brooklyn, N. Y. recently, a feature of which was the death music and finale from Die Gotterdammerung. In this selection Mme. Materna is still unrivalled.

Josef Sivinski, the now famous pianist, is giving recitals at Music Hall, Boston, to the intense delight of the large audience that assemble there to hear him. These concerts occur in a series of musicals, known as the Suffolk musicals. Of his playing of Chopin's Impromptu Op. 36 last week it is said he showed that remarkable command of technique without appearance of hurry which was noticeable in the Spinneried, and in which captivating facility the player would seem to be to some extent without a peer.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Henry Irving will unveil a monument to Barry Sullivan in Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin, when he returns from America.

Arthur Forrest who was here last summer with W. S. Harkins Company, is now leading man in Richard Mansfield's Company.

Henry Irving has accepted an invitation to address the students of Harvard University, soon after his return to this country next March.

"Butterflies" the new play, written by Henry Guy Carlton for John Drew is a success. The Chicago press is unanimous in praising it.

Ross Coglan, who is one of the hardest working actresses in the theatrical profession, designs and makes nearly all of her own costumes.

Thomas W. Kerne will be an annual attraction at the Boston Museum, arrangements to that end having been completed by manager Field.

Miss Irene Vernon who plays the Jewish girl in "Adonis" in a London play and came to the United States in August 1893 with the object of securing her health.

The New York debut of the French actor Mounet-Sully will be made March 26. John Hading will play the principal female role of the drama in which he will appear.

Helms Russell, is now recovering from a severe attack of the grip which has kept her in bed a long time. Miss Russell was leading lady of Harkins' Company of last summer.

Alan Dale, the dramatic critic of the New York Evening World, has been approached by a theatrical manager who wishes to stage Mr. Dale's latest novel. It is a story of stage life, entitled "My Foot-light Husband."

Lakmi, is the title of a new four act comedy-drama, recently produced at St. John's, Newfoundland, by the company playing there. The play was written by Miss Clinch Strong who is a leading lady of the company.

Rachel Neah, who is well remembered in St. John as a member of Lamargan's Lyceum Company, years ago, played Mrs. Peggotty in a recent revival of Little Emly at the Bowdoin Square theatre, Boston.

Maude Banks, a daughter of the U. S. General Banks played Ross Darcie.

Miss Josephine Plover-Day, who is favorably remembered here as leading lady of W. H. Lytell's Co., has gone to Europe for a year or so. Her health was so poor she was obliged to resign from the "Prodigal Daughter" Company.

Jean Baptiste Eugene Nus, the dramatist, is dead in Paris. He was born in 1816. Among his successful plays are "Suzanne," "La Maison Saladier," "Les Medecines," "Miss Multon" (a version of "East Lynne"), "La Marquise," "Mlle. Didier," "La Mar," and "Nos Petites."

The Graphic January 18 has a full page illustration of a scene in the 2nd act of "The Country Girl" (Garrick's Comedy) now being played in London Eng. by Augustin Daly's Company. The Graphic says "Ada Rehan as Peggy, an unsophisticated Hampshire girl, is one of the most delightful impersonations with which Miss Rehan has favored us."

The dramatic papers continue their favorable notices of Coquelin and Mme. Jane Hading. Everything they appear in

is a new dress while in their custody. Of a recent performance of Camille, in which Miss deVer actors took part, a N. Y. paper says "Madame Hading manages to reduce the audience of a good deal of the usual feeling that they ought to have brought disinterested, and this is to her credit."

Reina Vokes is dead. This simple announcement will be heard with genuine sorrow by the thousands to whom the bright vivacious actress has given so much unalloyed pleasure. Born in 1854 she had been almost continuously on the stage since a baby six months old she was brought on in the farce of Mr. and Mrs. Peter White, later as a member of the famous Vokes Family she made a reputation, and then at the head of her own company she became a universal favorite. Her place in her peculiar line cannot be filled today. As an actress she was honored, as a woman she was respected.

Olivia, Fortia, and Beatrice, are considered to be Miss Ellen Terry's three best roles. It was in the first named part that she made her greatest success prior to joining the Lyceum company. Henry Irving had acted with her—playing Petruchio to her Katherine—in 1864, and had then determined that if he ever became a manager she would be his leading lady. Eleven years later, when he came to the Lyceum, Miss Terry was making a great hit as Olivia in the play of that name, a dramatization of "The Vicar of Wakefield." He made her an offer of the post of leading lady of the Lyceum company, which she accepted and has held ever since.

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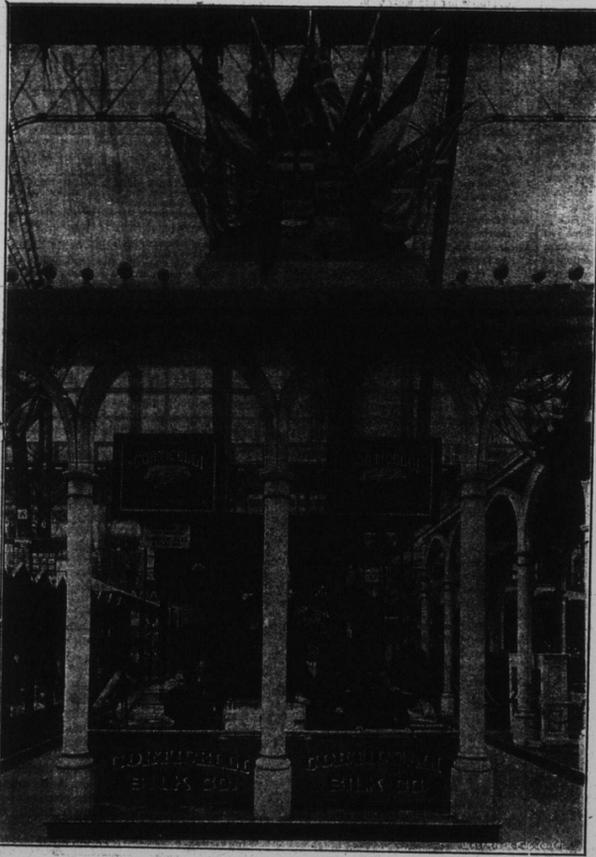
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# CORTICELLI SILK EXHIBITS \* WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, 1893. \*



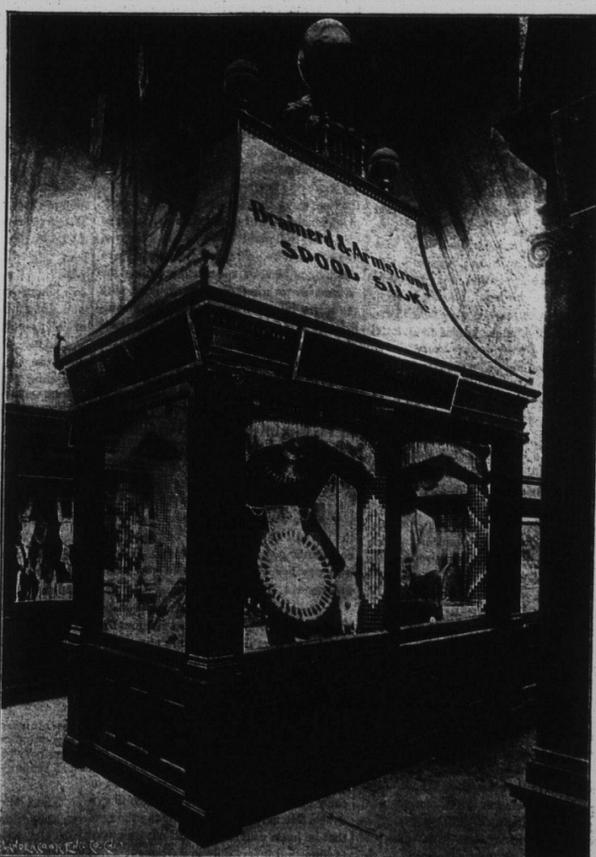
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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, FEB. 3.

THE RECOGNITION OF WORTH.

True merit seldom fails to gain recognition from the world, though too often that recognition comes tardily enough after those to whom it is due have passed away. As the world becomes more enlightened, however, worth seems to be more quickly discerned, and the great poets, novelists, musicians, painters and sculptors win the fruits of their genius and their labors in their lifetime. Their days are not now so much passed in poverty and obscurity, and they have not to feel that they strive and toil merely in the hope of posthumous fame.

The world's greatest hero at the present moment appears to be Mr. JAMES J. CORBETT, and even the St. John papers have swelled the tribute of praise by discussing the analogy of his encounter with Mr. MITCHELL to the fight between HADAD and GOLIATH. It is, however, beneath the flag to which his scientific skill has added a new glory that the vast tidal wave of popular enthusiasm has swept away for a time the consideration of less important affairs of life. Mr. CORBETT can now rest upon his laurels for a time, happy in the consciousness that his army of admirers is counted by the legion, and that tongue and pen join in the generous rivalry of sounding his praises or the length and breadth of this great continent.

When one remembers the ingratitude shown the ambitious heroes who sought wealth and fame in the land of Florida a few hundred years ago, and sees the triumph of CORBETT on his return from the Florida of these days, he must be a pessimist indeed who avers that the world grows worse as it grows older.

When RICHARD CURIE DE LORON returned from the crusades, he had no such reception as was accorded Mr. CORBETT when he reached New York last Saturday night. In the words of the N. Y. Press, he was crowned king of the pugilists and champion of the world.

His pilgrimage from Jacksonville to New York, on a special train, had been with outbursts of popular enthusiasm at every point and five thousand people were in waiting when he reached the metropolis. By the aid of the police he got to an hotel fresh crowds gathering at every point. Later in the evening seven thousand people crowded into Madison Square Gardens where he was to appear. The crowd embraced men from all walks of life—the banker and the broker, physician and lawyer, artist and artisan, club men in full dress suits and laborers in their working clothes. From some of the boxes peered out the faces of ladies, about a dozen of whom were present. When the great man spoke his words were received "with a cyclone of applause, which swept down the vast crowd with all the violence of a gale."

A former St. John man, Mr. JOHN BODEN, appears in the New York Press as the author of a critical and analytical essay on Mr. CORBETT as a master of both the old and the new schools of fighting. Mr. CORBETT had lost his temper when he did such speedy execution on Mr. MITCHELL, and the latter appears to have endeavored to provoke him with a view to very different results. The provocation seems to have been on "new school" principles, for Mr. HARRY HILL remarks that "I once saw YANKER SULLIVAN split in HARMON BROWN'S face with just the same object." But the refinement of the ring nowadays is clearly shown, for Mr. MITCHELL only called his opponent bad names when he could be very easily have split into his face into the bargain.

known. To him the championship of the world is no empty title. These are strong words, but who may doubt them? Let the subjects of this, the only king republican America can reverence, about their joyful allegiance. Mr. CORBETT might have sought to win fame as an inventor, play-writer or even as a journalist, but he sought a greater field. It is said that General WOLFE repeated GRAY'S Elegy from memory the night before the storming of Quebec, and that he remarked he would rather be the author of the poem than to capture the city. He would have run less risk, for certain. No such mark is reported of CORBETT. He would have considered the writing of a poem a poor task in comparison with knocking out the Englishman. Besides, GRAY was nine years in completing his Elegy, while CORBETT knocked out MITCHELL in the third round. Comment, in the way of comparison, seems needless.

CONCERNING THE DRESS COAT.

Mr. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA is far from being the first man whose artistic considerations have been offended by the modern mode of men's evening dress, but he is the first to offer a plea for the best suggestion for reform. How far any of the suggestions have approached his ideal is not stated, but the winner of the prize is a lady who is quoted as suggesting that "the present harmony in black and white would be admirable with a trifling addition, which would lend the necessary touch of color and effect, namely, the gold embroidery of the coat collar and waistcoat over colored materials, such as crimson or dark blue velvet."

While the carrying out of this idea would be a step in the right direction, the reform does not seem to go far enough. The fashion of men's attire in these days is inartistic and unpoetical, as compared with woman's dress, though, in evening wear, it often has an advantage over the latter in having nothing to offend the most delicate imagination as regards the proprieties. At the best, however, the eternal black and white has little to commend it, save on special occasions of sorrow or dignity, when it is eminent in order.

The swallow-tail coat is an evolution—perhaps it should be termed a corruption—of a very graceful and comfortable garment worn in the olden times when colors were in vogue. It is an expansive article, considering the amount of cloth that it is in, and it is a useless affair on all ordinary occasions when a man is most brought in contact with the general public. The average man would rather wear a dabbly cut-away around town than to sport a claw-hammer, even though he wore a silk hat to match. It is a dangerous kind of a coat, too, when taken in conjunction with the low cut waistcoat. When the modern society man has been working hard all day in a store, mill or factory, and dons a dress suit to attend a swell function in the evening, he runs a great risk of taking cold, especially when, as is sometimes the case, he also takes a bath beforehand.

As the necessity for evening dress increases as what is known as "society" becomes more prevalent, and is there the necessity of a style of coat better suited to the demands of all. Many, who are not yet decrepit mortals, can recall the time when the circle of St. John society in which the tails of dress coats grafted was exceedingly limited. When the Prince of Wales was here, in 1860, for instance, there was a good deal of speculation among the citizens as to whether a frock coat, with the skirts pinned back, would not be sufficiently a claw-hammer for the purposes of the levee. Since then the temper of the times has changed, and so many new elements have entered into the composition of society that a dress coat seems as much in order on the back of the hardy fisherman as on the back of the opulent tradesman to whom the fish are sold. What is more significant is that each may be the owner of the coat he has on. The tendency to buy, rather than to borrow, is greater than it was, for the obvious reason that since the use of dress coats has become more common a gentleman is likely to need his own coat for the very function for which his friend wishes to borrow it.

It, therefore, seems one of the penalties of social distinction that a man should invest a considerable sum in the purchase of a coat in which he frequently feels as awkward as a cow on snow-shoes, and looks as awkward as he feels. He may, have got over the idea that the coat is too small because he cannot button it close, but at the best he is frequently ill at ease, as he would not be were there a sensible, easy fitting and graceful garment in which his lack of early culture would not be so much in evidence. He may be consoled by the thought that he has a coat which will not go out of fashion, but this is only in part true. The dress coat of this year is not a duplicate of that of last year. The tails are longer. The limited usefulness of the swallow-tail in the everyday life of the citizen is supplemented by the fact that the number of seams renders it unavailable for the purpose of Sunday suits for the children, when the owner outgrows it or dies. It may be sold, it is true, and some of the dress coats occasionally seen appear to have been designed for others than the wearers, but this very fact, by the additional enormity of misfit claw-hammers, is in the line

of the contention that the existing dress coat should be retained, so that an economical man may wear his neighbor's evening coat at a party with as much dignity as he wears a borrowed overcoat at a funeral. The same arguments might be advanced against other portions of the dress suit, but with a limited force, because, in some circles, the coat itself is the only essential requirement. Fastidious folk may use special dress shirts, and have trousers and waistcoat to match the coat, to say nothing of expensive footwear, but the man who gets the coat and takes what is at hand for the rest of the outfit, is not unknown to latter day society.

There are some good suggestions for dress reformers in the easy, graceful coats worn in the last century, when wigs and knee breeches were in fashion. The wigs need not come back, and the nineteenth century leg is not generally adapted to the breeches, but the coat, colors and all, has a great deal to recommend it. The swallow-tail can be very well spared.

PELLEAS PARAPHRASES.

From poetry to pugilism seems a far cry. Yet it is told of champion Corbett that when he left off being a clerk in a bank, ran away with his pretty little wife and got utterly "stranded," he had serious intentions of devoting himself to newspaper work and especially to the writing of poetry. He, however, eventually discovered that the best expression of his talents was by means of his biceps. So the world lost a poet and gained a pugilist. He eventually found his true vocation and financially, there would be no comparison between the two occupations. Pugilism pays far better than poetry and there is really more glory in it too. Corbett, however, is young yet and having now made his fame and fortune as a puncher he might turn his attention to mental and even intellectual things, and be a poet yet. If he could succeed in developing his mind to the same extent he has his muscle what a wonder would be there! Pugilists though, as a rule, seem to have a strong appreciation of brains and, in these days of scientific fighting, the man who fights a good deal "with his head" is acknowledged to have the best chance. Even the punchers and pounders would probably agree with the well-known answer given by the Scotch boy when asked by his teacher the catechism question "What is the chief end of man?" "The head end" replied the boy.

It was supposed that, after the Corbett-Mitchell contest was worked off, there would be a brief truce for rest. But it seems not. There is to be a period of six months or so of worry over Corbett and Jackson, beginning from now. It would be nice to get a stir in St. John. Suppose we offer the fighters the use of, say, Navy Island. There is a great deal of interest taken here in pugilism and a purse could be easily made up. Not long since I noticed an account of a prize-fight in which the victor hailed from St. John. St. John boys are always making a buzz somewhere. Just look what a row McNulty kicked up out in Frisco.

One kind of force or another is always being tested. The question of who can fight best with the fists is not of so much importance as that of who can fight best with the grim implements of war, whenever a time for their use shall arrive. The nations are looking keenly to their armaments. The irresistible cannon ball is ever being offset by the immovable armor. At present, however, the cannon seems to be ahead. In a recent test at Sandy Hook a 375 pound ball was sent through eleven and a half inches of steel armor and six feet of oak backing behind it. That is considerable to get through. While this kind of ball can be fired there is little use in weighting ships with heavy armor. It almost seems as if the heavy armor must give way to the strength which lies in lightness and speed and in new combustibles which can be fired with accuracy at a very long range.

The announcement that the Princess of Wales has retired from social life creates something of an excitement in England where the Princess is popular with all classes. It appears that her state of health has given cause for alarm for some time and that she has never fully recovered from the effects of the blow received by the death of her eldest son. It is further reported that the Princess herself is suffering from his old complaint and that his health is very precarious. These things must have an interest for loyal subjects all over the Empire. Meantime, we are in the fifty-seventh year of the reign of Victoria the Good and our hale and hearty old Queen continues to bear bravely the burden of her years and responsibilities.

The United States is weighted with an enormous financial burden on account of the civil war, and claims for damages and pensions are still coming in. It was supposed, however, that at least all claims in connection with the war for independence had been settled up. But it seems not. Col. Nicholas Lots, of Pennsylvania furnished supplies to Washington's army at Valley Forge. His heirs claim that he was never paid in full. They held a meeting recently at Reading and will present a claim to Congress for about \$4,000,000. There are about forty persons interested so when the claim is paid in full each one will get a hundred thousand dollars. It is just possible that Congress may take the benefit of the statute and consider it

What is the matter with "Real Estate" in St. John?

Houses and lands are very poor property, and sales can only be made at what are called sacrifice prices. An unusually large proportion of the finest private residences are for sale or to be let. A good many ambitious young men who started out in expensive houses on the most fashionable streets appear to be getting ready to start over again in a less pretentious manner.

THE MISSION CHURCH ORGAN.

The Mission Church organ that has been going from door to door in St. John, has been playing for some time in the church I was going to. It is a very fine organ, and the general impression of the item is pretty sure to be unfavorable to me.

Perhaps, in interest, you will publish the following facts: Before playing the organ in the church I asked Rev. Mr. Davenport whether the support was sufficient, and he, after asking Mr. Hurd Peters (who had had charge of the erection of the building) said to me: "Mr. Peters says the floor will hold all you can put on it."

I suggested that, as the probable weight of the organ, he said: "Mr. Peters says the floor is laid in concrete, upon a lower floor of plank, upon strong joists, they upon piling driven to the rock, and it will hold twenty tons. The organ began to sink almost at once the weight was all on the floor, and has ever since been down until last fall, when the church fell, at last, had a man cut through the floor to prove whether there was any cause for what I stated to them, which that the organ had gone down nearly, or quite two inches off level in its width (frame) of seven feet six inches. Mr. Hurd Peters came up for me, and on going to the church I saw what had been a block of spruce, some eighteen inches long, so decayed that it would not hold together in being lifted from below, that had been taken out from directly under the organ building frame. This block had been placed outside, on the top of a pile, and had been supposed to be the projecting end of the pile itself. I may say there are several such short piles, so placed under the building, since discovered.

Mr. Hurd Peters coming to the church he pointed to the decayed block, and referring to past organ troubles and sinkings, then, remarking to the church I saw what had been a block of spruce, some eighteen inches long, so decayed that it would not hold together in being lifted from below, that had been taken out from directly under the organ building frame. This block had been placed outside, on the top of a pile, and had been supposed to be the projecting end of the pile itself. I may say there are several such short piles, so placed under the building, since discovered.

You, Mr. Editor, may remember my stating this letter fact to you, and asking you to publish it, at the time block was found. Possibly it escaped your memory at the time, as you did not refer to it. Now as to the "inking" and "reconstruction" I have a contrast with Mission church, as the vicar with several other churches to keep their ink in order at so much per annum, and they have a smallest defect made right, from week to week, or as it occurs.

That is the tinkering, the taking down, removing of floor, and re-erection of organ which I have been discussing by the mission church faculty, and they appreciate the need for such work. But it is not to be done now, as a letter from Rev. Mr. Davenport, quoted below, shows.

PARADISE ROW, JAN. 24, 94. Dear Sir,—I am sorry to say that we cannot possibly undertake the reconstruction of the organ at this time, as our finances will admit of the expense.

We shall have to get along as best we can for our year's supply of propolis for the winter under the instruction in place as at present. You will be pleased to know that Canon Brice's ink is well adapted with your work on the Trinity organ. I remain yours very truly, JOHN M. DAVENPORT.

FOREIGN LETTERS FOR "PROGRESS."

Our petty squab, our strutting wits, Our labor's pang, our passion's fits, As may the score them with, till we score them as utterly as fits. —Matthew Arnold.

Deceit from Heaven, Unseen, by that name It rightly then art called. —Milton.

Ab, Meun divine! and is it true That thou with scorn dost mock me view, And lookest on them from afar, Till men grow sadder than they are? Come, shake me with thy gracious smile, When all their vain postures in coil, "Their deeds ignoble let them do," "Said't thou?—for me they vainly sue?"

When men and more themselves may boast, When fails the self-advancing host, When souls may shine, not markets, seek, They, lusting then, may hear me speak. —But, ah, sweet Muse, who smallest still Sincerely o'er thy temple hill! Soom not as history, for love Forcibly may noble passion move.

Is heaven's name, in good measure, A dying strain, a fading star? Grant some new, matchless avatar: In vain we pine, inglorious we! In our belated captivity: Turn us! Is not of holier weal Within, whereto thou canst appeal? Then, once of old, didst poet know, Whose mead the world had shaded with woe: Mid hissing coils of dread abodes He walked, with large discourse of gods.

A smould'ring fire within would rise, Damp'd by the fountain of his eyes; Earth might his lofty soul distract, But thou dost sit with loveliness. So didst thou on thy Sponser smile?— His eyes like summer stars gleam, And all his delect tones reborn "T' a magic of the universe."

In thee the slightest eyes were turned, To thee the soul majestic burned, Ah, heavenly Muse! canst thou delight In less than Milton's stately flight? Yet to some humbler one appear, Who yearns up to thine ether clear; Say,—"To the singer's best estate, 'Thine angel, I, if not thy mate."

If hidden from the world's vain eyes, Some song-delighted spirit lies, Lay this inspiring touch: "For me Thou lookest! I hang here sought for thee." Angel of song, retired afar! We would be nobler than we are— Would stoop, unshook, unshaken would soar, And merit thy disdain no more. PASTOR FELIX.

My Sweet Valentine, Walking in night and a mist of cold, In a wintry waste of charms; I spread my hands for warmth to the sky, And sprang flew into my arms. She flew through a ribbon grass "I'm me" A red breast echoed her say; A white bird carried in showers of tears, As her breath on my shoulder lay. She nestled down close to my grateful self, In a glance it were death to miss; Her girlish hand crept down her face, And awakened a sleeping kiss. The tree-top surplined in driven snow, Into angel of Paradise grew; And red winged shadows of glass and brass, Their white feet slipped in dew. I touched her dallid lids of eyes? O'er modest violetness came; And a glow came out of a spot in the eye, And threw her a raptur'd gaze. We brought his glory across the day, On the gleam of a new born world; Where bright eyes soared flow down to the earth, And wing rust's feathered and pearled. O dream of this world that is now our own, New hope to say and I may meet, The apple blooms look from her face to mine— And I listen to hear her sing: Adieu cold mist to the summer land, She has gone to our sunny bark; Our pink sails fill in the balmy wind, And we leave you here in the dark. Waited away to a lovers' isle, On the gleam of a silver sea; We are safely moored in the poet's heart, And spring is ever with me. CRYSTAL GLEN.

REMEMBER, F. B. I.

[Provision is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. John Lane & Co.]

There was quite a successful entertainment given in St. John's hall last Friday evening. It consisted of vocal and instrumental music, and was well rendered. There were also two dramas in which the acting was very creditable, especially that of Mr. C. H. Brown, who acted from Sun-mer's work.

Mr. W. H. Harvey was in town last week. He has been to the Cape on Monday, and has gone to a trip to the North West. We have a pleasant news from St. John's. There was quite a successful entertainment given in St. John's hall last Friday evening. It consisted of vocal and instrumental music, and was well rendered. There were also two dramas in which the acting was very creditable, especially that of Mr. C. H. Brown, who acted from Sun-mer's work.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

HALIFAX NOTES

Passenger for Halifax at the following... Captain John Brown, Major General...

One of the pleasantest and best managed dances ever given in Halifax was Captain Adams' dance...

A couple of large teas took up the afternoons of Thursday and Friday of last week...

The skating carnival here comes off on the proper day, Shrove Tuesday, and it is to be a very good one...

Among the passengers for England last Saturday were Major and Mrs. Bor, Miss Kenny...

Prince Victor Dulce Singh, now the Maharajah, is spending the winter with his sisters in Torquay...

The only large affair of this week is the rink party on Wednesday evening, given by Surgeon-Colonel Archer...

Surgeon-Captain and Mrs. Moir have taken a house in South street and will move in this week...

The Murphy Gold Cure institute seems to have come here to stay, as on February the first it will be removed to the house in College street...

The short season of opera bids fair to be a great success. So far the houses have been excellent...

One of the events of the week was the marriage of Miss Lewis to Mr. Silverstone on Tuesday evening at the Masonic hall...

The very sudden death of Mrs. Norman Ritchie casts a gloom over a large portion of society last week...

Next week Lent will be upon us, and things will be very quiet for the middle-aged portion of society...

As to the denial of which one hears so much, the giving up of five o'clock tea and the renunciation of novel reading it seems to the profane that the latter especially works both ways...

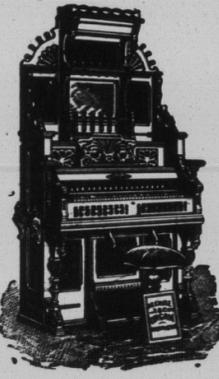
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We purchased for Cash from a leading New York manufacturer a few cases White Felt Sailors' the "Mascotte" (high slanting crown) and during November and December we will forward to any address in the three provinces (charges prepaid) on receipt of 95c.

LE BON MARCHÉ HALIFAX, N. S.



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We ship ORGANS direct to the Home on TEN DAYS TEST TRIAL, and all on easy terms of payment as well as for spot cash. Every Instrument Fully Warranted for Six Years. Address: H. E. CHUTE & CO., YARMOUTH, NOVA SCOTIA.

We have only one Gladstone Sleigh. Somebody can buy it at a low price.

PRICE & SHAW, 222 to 228 Main St., St. John, N. B.

musical circles, the Misses Payzant, Mr. Gilles, Mr. Norman, Mr. Emmerson, and the Misses Weddell and Foster, the two latter contributing recitations.

A novel entertainment is to be given on Monday next, by some of the students at Dalhousie, who will do comic scenes from Shakespeare, the entertainment taking place at the ladies' college.

A social club has been recently organized, which in a way is the revival of last winter's club, with other pleasant features added. It includes some of our most popular married couples, a number of charming spinsters, and a variety of good-looking bachelors, who met at Mrs. A. R. Dickey's on Wednesday evening, and enjoyed a very pleasant dance.

As to the denial of which one hears so much, the giving up of five o'clock tea and the renunciation of novel reading it seems to the profane that the latter especially works both ways. The mother of a family who is accustomed to her cares by enjoying a frivolous book, finds the want of that relaxation tell upon her nerves, and in several houses which we all know the first effect of Lent is a general rise in temper, caused by the want of the small luxuries to which the family are accustomed.

To those ladies who devote their afternoons to sewing for the poor, nothing but praise is due, but the most of us would be the better for reading an old fashioned poem on "How to keep a 3rd Lent."

Halifax has a distinguished visitor this week in Monsignor Stephen Ives, Archbishop of Chaldeas, and chaplain to His Holiness the Pope, who is at present the guest of the Rev. William Murphy. Monsignor Ives has been one of the most distinguished missionaries in Palestine, Assyria, and Kurdistan; he leaves on Saturday to continue his travels.

I hear that it is likely that Professor Johnson will resign his chair at Dalhousie, a rumor which it is to be hoped will prove untrue. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Phelan returned on Tuesday from their wedding trip.

HOUSE FURNISHING DEPARTMENT

WE HAVE just received from a large manufacturer in the United States a special consignment of CHENILLE PORTIERES.

We will make a Special Sale of these, independent of our regular stock, and have marked them much below regular price.

As this is only a sample lot an early selection will be advisable.

Manchester Robertson & Allison

CONSUMPTION

THE beneficial effects of the continued use of ROBINSON'S PHOSPHORIZED EMULSION in the first stages of Pulmonary Consumption can scarcely be estimated. The dry hacking cough followed by spitting of blood, and expectoration of thick, yellow phlegm is speedily checked; the diarrhoeal night sweats that draw so heavily on the vital forces are subdued; the brilliant eye, the pink cheeks, with its healthy appearance, refreshing sleep is obtained; the appetite is improved and the functions of nutrition resume their normal condition. It supplies the blood with red corpuscles and materials necessary for the formation of healthy tissues. By its fat producing properties it tends to restrict the waste of the unutilized tissues. The body becomes nourished. Emaciation and weakness give place to rapid increase of weight and vigor. The tendency to the formation of fresh tubercular deposits is arrested; those already formed are rapidly pushed forward to "crystallization," and the obstruction of the pulmonary cavities is gradually promoted. In the second stage, where, as long only is effected, favorable results are almost a certainty, while in the most advanced stage, the patient finds relief, the disease becomes favorably modified, and its final termination postponed.

Always ask for "Robinson's Phosphorized Emulsion," and be sure you get it. For sale by all Druggists and General Dealers in the Dominion. The wholesale drug houses in the Maritime Provinces and Montreal supply the trade.

ROBINSON'S PHOSPHORIZED EMULSION IS THE BEST TAKE NO OTHER.

MOTT'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS

RECEIVED ON ACCOUNT OF SPRING PURCHASES. STAPLE DEPARTMENT. Scotch Tweed in 1 and 2 Suit Lengths. Scarlet Flannels, White Flannels, English Prints, Damask Tablecloths, Towels, Dress Goods, Hamburg Embroideries; Also An Immense Stock of Canadian Manufactured Cottons, Prints, Sheetings, Ginghams, Cottonades, Flannels, Underwear, etc., etc.

SMITH BROS., Wholesale Dry Goods, Groceries & Oils St., HALIFAX, N. S.

EVERY WEEK THERE ARE BRIGGS boys in town and villages where we have no agencies, sending to secure the right to sell Progress. There are scores of such places where the people would be glad to have Progress every week, if any boy could be found who would deliver it, and collect the money. There is enjoyment in it for them, and money for the boys.

HOUSE FURNISHING DEPARTMENT

WE HAVE just received from a large manufacturer in the United States a special consignment of CHENILLE PORTIERES.

We will make a Special Sale of these, independent of our regular stock, and have marked them much below regular price.

As this is only a sample lot an early selection will be advisable.

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Vertical text on the far right edge of the page, including names and dates.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR



THEIR AROMA IS DELICIOUS.

PRESCRIPTIONS

CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED AT T. A. CROCKETT'S DRUG STORE.

WANTED.

George E. May, Proprietor, St. John School of Cutting, No. 63 Prince, William Street, St. John, N. B.

Price List of Pelee Island Wine Co's Wines. Dry Catawba, Sweet Catawba, Isabella, A. Augustine, (Reg'd) Chard.

Use only Pelee Wines for LaGrappe. JAMES H. DAY, Dist. Agent, King's Co.

E. G. Scovil, 63 Union Street, St. John, N. B. Telephone 23. Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces.

The best place to buy Candy is at the 20th Century Kandy Kitchen 12 Charlotte Street.

MOOSE MEAT. Black Duck and Teal Duck. ANNAPOLIS VALLEY, N. S. BEEF.

THOMAS DEAN, - City Market. 13 and 14

T. PARTELOW MOTT, 125 Union St., St. John, N. B.

Woolen Goods and Wool. J. GORDON BARNETT, M. D.

ST. GEORGE'S AND GARDEN.

On Wednesday evening last, Mr. J. C. A. ... The young people of the Mission band met in the Baptist church on Thursday afternoon and re-organized the society.

PROGRESS.

On Wednesday evening last, Mr. J. C. A. ... The young people of the Mission band met in the Baptist church on Thursday afternoon and re-organized the society.

REL RIVER CROSSING.

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MILBURN T. B.

On Wednesday evening last, Mr. J. C. A. ... The young people of the Mission band met in the Baptist church on Thursday afternoon and re-organized the society.

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ST. JOHN. N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1894.

GUIDED BY OUR LIVERS.

RECENT RESEARCHES GIVE THE HEART A BACK SEAT.

The Wonderful Physiological Blunder the World Has Accepted for Ages—How the Acceptance of the New Theory Will Modify the English Language.

Another of those i o o elastic scientists who seem to spend the greater part of their time in destroying the most cherished ideals of the rest of humanity, even as the image breakers of old shattered the idols, has just dropped his sacrilegious hammer upon an idol which has been very near and dear to all right thinking members of the human race, from the time when Adam first awoke to the astonishing fact that he had lost a rib and gained another and a better half.

The scientist referred to is a physician. I regret to say, and instead of looking after the physical welfare of his patients, he has soared into the rarified atmosphere of science and frittered away valuable time in tearing away the veil of romance and sentiment which has so long enshrouded the above mentioned idol, and proved at least to his own satisfaction, that it is composed only of clay.

I do not of course know by what process of reasoning he has arrived at such a conclusion, nor what scientific experiments he could possibly call to his aid which would satisfactorily settle all doubts on the subject, now and for all time; but the great discovery to which this unknown genius lays claim is the very startling fact that the liver, instead of the heart, is the real seat of the emotions, and that all of our tender impulses, our highest aspirations and our most sacred instincts emanate in reality, from that hitherto despised organ.

Of course this will be news to the great majority, as it was to me, and equally of course it will be very unpleasant news because in the first place I think human nature is born with a dislike for new ideas which are thrust upon it suddenly, and which it is rudely forced to swallow against its will, as a child swallows cod liver oil; and in the second place, the present idea is such a large one and will involve such a revolution of all former beliefs and make things unpleasant for every one, should it be generally received and acted upon. All the theories of other years and other generations must be set aside and a new era ushered in, not only in the practical affairs of everyday life, but in poetry, art and literature; because the poet who has become accustomed to hunting up rhymes for heart, and has almost used up the dictionary in running the gamut of start, part, art and mart, will have to start out on an entirely new basis, and devote his attention to cultivating a familiarity with such words as river, shiver, quiver and deliver; while the artist who has won fame and shobekles by his graceful manner of depicting lovely female figures with uplifted eyes, transfused faces and hands clasped rapturously across their breasts, called "Faith," "Self-sacrifice," "Love" or "Hope" will experience some difficulty in adapting his handiwork to the new conditions, and obtaining the same results from an equally beautiful figure which is represented with the dainty hands pressed passionately over the region of the liver. As for the literary man it would be almost impossible to estimate the consequences to him of such a radical change in the ethics of literature, indeed it is scarcely putting it too strongly, to say that he will suddenly find himself, face to face with a problem, beside which the Harris Bill sinks into insignificance, and even the late encounter between England and America, as represented by Messrs. Corbett and Mitchell fails to excite more than a passing interest.

It goes almost without saying that anyone who has read the daily papers carefully for the last few years could not fail to know that "liver was king," since the fact was brought home to them by an almost maddening reiteration, but still the assurance was generally supposed to have referred to the physical, rather than the mental or spiritual structure of the human frame, and the heart was popularly supposed to be in direct communication with the brain; therefore the situation we are called upon to face at the present time falls little short of a general chaos, since every former landmark and tradition connected with affairs of the—I was going to say heart—tender emotions seem to be falling about our ears, and it will take some time for us to adapt ourselves to the changed conditions. Just imagine the feelings of an ardent lover who throws himself at his lady's feet, in approved theatrical fashion, and begs her to accept his hand, his fortune and his—liver! How awful! Picture the sensations of the man who first experiences the joy of religion and in relating his experiences to the sympathetic audience of a prayer meeting expresses his gratitude for a changed—liver! Fancy the blushing maiden, who has not yet made up her mind that she cares enough for her lover to be only, only his, listening doubtfully to his pleadings that she will tell him what he must do to win her liver! The thought is simply hideous.

And then we shall have to grow accustomed to hearing a man speak of his chosen friend as the finest fellow in the world with the clearest head, the strongest mind, and just the biggest liver in the world; while sweet girls will rhapsodize over each other as "the loveliest girl you ever met, so sweet, so clever, so pretty, and with the tenderest liver you ever heard of."

The devoted husband who is praising his wife, and enlarging upon her many perfections will somehow feel as if he had not done full justice to the subject when he has declared that his wife is the best, the truest, and the most noble livered woman the world contains, while the life of the aspirant for dramatic honors will be beset with new difficulties, and the first time he adopts the new custom, and cries out, "She comes! She comes! My liver tells me it is she!" he will be certain to receive a very warm ovation from the upper gallery.

Of course time works wonders, and we may all become so thoroughly accustomed to the new regime that we will speak as calmly of Mr. Smith as being a good, warm livered fellow, and of ourselves as having a liverache over the troubles of our friends as we now do of its being sixteen minutes past 13 o'clock, which would have seemed the very height of absurdity to us a few years ago; but as I said before all great reforms require time, and if the expression "a warm liver" calls up unpleasant visions of stock yards and butcher shops now, very likely by the end of the century it will contain no other suggestion than that of a very amiable and lovable character. So perhaps, in view of the very rapid strides which are being made in the advance of science, it would be as well for us to meet the problem half way, take time by the forelock, as it were, and accustom ourselves to elevating that very useful and troublesome organ from the too obscure position it has occupied for so long a time to one estimation, to something like the importance it is likely to assume in the near future. It will be less of a shock to us then, when we have to refer to it constantly in conversation, as the seat of all the most beautiful, tender, and inspiring emotions of the human race is equivalent feeling.

GEOFFREY CURRIER STRANGE.

THOUGHT THEY HAD EN.

How 'Tis Like 'Dinner Got a Master in Regard to Naples.

An American general, with a numerous company of ambulance drivers, had been to a grand dinner at Naples. The flow of wine had been quite as noticeable as that of the soul, but the general and his English friend were moderate in their libations and left early, intending to take a slight walk before going to bed. Arm-in-arm they walked tranquilly along until they came to the principal square of the city. In the square was an obelisk, planted, as the general knew, very firmly upon its base; but, mirabile dictu, as he entered the square, he distinctly saw the obelisk wavering from side to side. "Did you see that?" asked the general, grasping his companion convulsively. "Yes," answered the latter. "Well, what do you think about it?" said the general. "Well I think the sooner we get home and to bed the better. Consider the disgrace to our respective Foreign Offices if we were found in the street of Naples in this condition. The general and his friend carefully felt their way along, holding on to the railings. They arrived safely at their hotel, tumbled into bed, and slept late the next morning. When they came sheepishly down to breakfast the bustling waiter's greeting carried with it both pain and pleasure: "Did the noble gentlemen feel the earthquake last night?"

California's Name.

The word California was first used in a work on Spanish chivalry published in 1510. The work was an alleged history of the adventures of "Amadis of Gaul and his son Esplandian." It was of great length and divided into a number of short stories, one of which was the manner in which "Calafia, the Queen of the Island of California, a country inhabited only by women, who lived as Amazons and had gold without end," saved Constantinople from an attack by the Persians. This story, as well as others, was widely read by the people of Spain, and by many regarded, as fact. Among the staunch believers were the members of the Cortez expedition, who, upon landing upon the peninsula of Lower California, imagined they were on an island which, owing to its apparent riches, they named after the fabled island, and Cortez himself called the new country "California."

No Conventional Lies There.

Like the Turks, who drop their sandals before the mosque door that its sacred floor may not be defiled, so the Hollanders slip off their wooden pastens before those altars of cleanliness—their tiny dwellings. A common sight in the villages is to see a row of wooden shoes of various sizes, from the big ones of the father down to the small ones of the baby, placed on the outside of the doors, showing that the family is assembled within. No need to ask in these peasant villages if madam is "at home to her friends." The presence or absence of her wooden shoes at the threshold tells always whether she is in or out.

FUN IN THE SNOW STORM.

BOSTON PEOPLE APPRECIATE ONE WHEN THEY GET IT.

Some of the incidents of Days When Sleights Are Out—St. John Horses to the Front—The Recent Harassment of Mr. S. A. Wetmore, of the "Herald."

Boston, Feb. 1.—We had a real old fashioned down east snow storm last Saturday, and wasn't it nuts for Bostonians? Well now you're talking. You people down in the provinces don't know how to appreciate a snow storm. You've got too much of a good thing perhaps, or perhaps there is not enough of you to show your appreciation, but we'll let that go. Bostonians do appreciate and they show their appreciation and there are enough of them to show it.

The snow storm was a great thing. It was a great thing for the snow shovellers, and there were enough snow shovellers to make you believe it was a great thing; for they didn't wait until the snow had stopped falling before starting out. The result was that everybody who owned a side walk or was responsible for one, either had to spend the day making journeys to the front door or muffle the door bell. It's no use trying to get a Boston snow shoveller on peddle to answer your bell through the tube by the entry. They are perfectly well aware that the voice of the invisible can shut off the debate quickly, so they insist upon a personal interview, or none at all. On a stormy day nobody disputes the unemployed figures and every body damns the police census. The police census, you know, placed the number at 5,000.

However, next come the doctors. A snow storm is nuts for them, for it means rain the next day, slush for a week, and pneumonia for a month.

It's the lively stables and the people who own horses and sleighs, who whoop-her-when the snow comes, and sometimes when it doesn't halt come. For its curious sight in Boston to see whole families out sleighing in six inches of mud.

Give them a day like Sunday, though, the day after the storm—then you see the difference. A St. John man would be ashamed to be seen dead in some of them—that is in St. John.

The Shatford turnouts of a few years ago, or Peter Clinch's tandems, or any of these rigs with the young men and women sitting on behind looking as if they did not know what to do with themselves, and apparently conscious of the fact that they were a striking resemblance to a "boy stealing a ride" on behind a grocery waggon—any of the giddy turnouts which used to make people stare in St. John would be decidedly common-place on the boulevard—summer or winter.

But the rigs on runners! Anything that will attract attention goes, and the cranks do it to the Queen's taste.

Bells and furs and furs and bells, and black sleighs and yellow sleighs and red sleighs. High sleighs and low sleighs, sleighs with one horse and sleighs with two horses and sleighs with old nags—everything goes—all on the boulevard. Some of them look comfortable, very much so, other seem to have no reasonable excuse for existing, while Russian sleighs and sleighs supposed to represent every place where the geographers say snow falls, turn up on the boulevard. I saw one on Sunday that knocked spots off of anything a proud father ever harnessed himself into on a Christmas morning to draw his three-year-old heir over the sidewalk. It was painted red, white and blue, had wood runners like a boy's hand sled and no higher, and a great big horse in front of it. It didn't represent anything in particular, and I guess its owner was aware of the fact, for painted on the back were the figures "1894"; that, I presume, gave it an excuse for being on earth. It was "the latest." If 1895 succeeds in breaking the record there won't be any use for circus waggons in this part of the world in 1896.

E. LeRoy Willis, of St. John, is up here, with three pretty fast ones. Monday he was getting the pace on the boulevard with Minnie Grey which he claims is good for 2.20. During the afternoon he was having a brush with John Shepard, of Shepard, Norwell & Co., and there was a lively time on the road for a while. Mr. Willis was the leader of a group of fast ones, and he was being pushed hard. The horse behind caught his foot in the runner of his sleigh, and the Willis turnout carried the tangled-up team along with it. Nobody was hurt, but there was the biggest kind of a crowd in a very few minutes.

Mr. Willis is up here with three fast ones, Minnie Grey, Wildflower, and Rolina. He is taking advantage of the snow. The horses are at the Quincy club stables.

When the little 6 year old daughter of Mr. S. A. Wetmore died Saturday, it was the second death in their West Chester Park home within nine months—both little ones, who had made a host of friends in St. John, particularly in Carleton during their summer vacations. And they had hosts of

FOUR LEADERS IN LADIES' NIGHTGOWNS.

- 1 White Cotton Nightgown, full size, trimmed Lace Edging, with a cluster of 16 fine tucks on each side of frill. Sale Price..... 50c.
2 White Cotton Nightgown in three sizes: Slender, Women's and Outsize, trimmed cluster of tucks and insertion with either standing or sailor collar. Good strong cottons, full length. 65c.
3 Made of English Leno cloth in three sizes, 14, 15 and 16 in. neck, full length and perfect shaped down neck and down front to waist. Sleeves cut full with raised shoulders; trimmed frill of embroidery around each side of frill. Frill of embroidery around wrists. This is without exception the best value in Canada and would be cheap at \$1.00. We have purchased a large quantity and marked them for this sale at 87c.
4 Too many variations to enumerate. TEN DIFFERENT DESIGNS in Embroidery and Lace trimmed Nightgowns. Three sizes, Slender, Women's and Outsize. Good strong cottons with useful and pretty trimmings. Perfect shapes, full size and length. All marked at \$1.

These Garments are actually cheaper than they can be made up for in your own house, not taking into consideration the worry and trouble to select materials, trimmings, etc.

REMEMBER, 500 SAMPLES at 25c to \$4.50. All less than Regular Prices.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John.

friends here—old and young; for such a large gathering of mourners is seldom seen when a child dies.

The first was the youngest, a pretty little girl whom perhaps thousands of the readers of the Boston Christmas Children's Herald did not recognize when her portrait was printed a month ago.

It was a picture of "childhood"—a little lot in a garden—the Back bay park—with a big parasol, a hat held by the strings—a snapshot taken during a summer afternoon—a pretty picture, one that was treasured, and afterward painted in oils by a well known Boston artist. Then when the Herald made up its Christmas issue it was reproduced for the children's supplement, but not, unfortunately with all the detail which gives it its value.

R. G. LARSEN. MINISTER AND SHOEMAKER.

All Competitions Appreciated When Honorably Performed.

I came across the other day, a little book, out of which I read a few sentences. I read the title page, and it was this, "Hiram Goff, shoemaker by the grace of God." I thought, "read the page, and it was stated that, when this man died they put on his tombstone that which he had requested, 'Hiram Goff, a shoemaker by the grace of God.' I looked to see what was in the middle of the book, and I read that a young stripling of a minister, who had just come to be pastor in the town, went down to talk with Hiram because he had heard that he was a spiritual man, and he said, 'Mr. Goff, and Mr. Goff said, don't call me Mr. Goff. Call me Hiram.' 'Well, Hiram,' said the minister, 'I have come to talk to you about the things of God, and I am sorry that a man can't be in a humble occupation and yet be a godly man.' The shoemaker stopped and looked up at him and said, 'Don't call this occupation humble.' The minister thought he had made a mistake and he said: 'Excuse me, I didn't mean to reflect on what you do for a living.' The man replied: 'You didn't hurt me, but I was afraid you might have hurt the Lord Jesus Christ. I believe the making of that shoe is just as holy a thing as you making a sermon. I believe that when I come to stand before the throne of God he is going to say, 'What kind of shoes did you make down on earth?' And he might pick out this very pair in order to let me look at them in the blazing light of the great white throne; and he is going to say to you, 'What kind of sermons did you make?' and you will have to show him one of your sermons. Now, if I make better shoes than you make sermons, I will have a better place in the kingdom of God.' From the depths of my soul, I believe that—Rev. B. Fay Mills.

No Drummers to Kick About It.

No one who has ever stayed at a Chinese hotel is likely to forget his experience.

They are all built on the same plan—a large courtyard, round the four sides of which are built rows of small rooms, the restaurant and office being in front. The buildings are built of sun-dried bricks, and are usually in the last stages of dilapidation. Each small room contains a brick bed, in which a fire can be lighted for warmth in winter. There is no furniture but a rough chair and perhaps a table, while the windows are nothing but frames covered with paper.

Got Out For Nothing.

A notable example of Scotch thrift is recorded of a Mr. M'Catarrk, who was driving a fast horse in a trap with a friend. The horse bolted and the friend exclaimed: "I'd give £10 to be out of this!" "Hold your tongue, man," replied Mac. "Ye'll be out for nothing in less than a minute!"—a prediction which proved true.

No Chances for a Mistake.

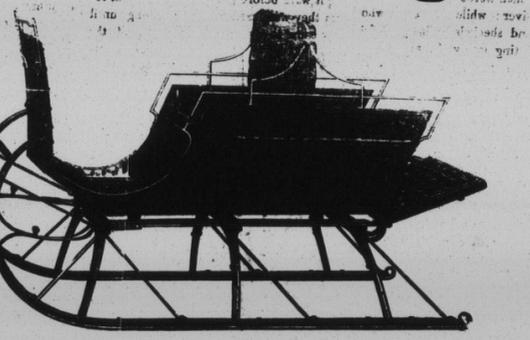
Mrs. Winks—So you have taken another company for better or worse, eh? Mrs. Second Trip—Only for better, my dear. He can't possibly be worse than the other one was.

They Must Have Gone In Groups.

Evangelist Moody in referring to the World's Fair, said that out of the millions who visited it, he did not see a single drunken man.

PLACE A CAKE of Baby's Own Soap in your linen drawer and it will impart to your clothes the delicate aroma of fine French Pot Pourri, in a modified degree. The longer you keep the Soap before using it the better. Beware of Imitations. The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Montreal, Sole Manufacturers.

The Gladstone Sleigh.



If You Want a Nice Comfortable and Stylish Family Sleigh this Winter do not get any other than a Gladstone. For prices and particulars write to JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton.

BARCAINS IN HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

Messrs. Edgcombe & Sons, of Fredericton, announce that they have the following horses and carriages for sale.

3 Shetland ponies with carriages, harness, etc. complete; one Sir Charles colt, 4 years old, bay, hind good; a set of 78 brand new carrying a to be sold at 25 per cent less than usual prices, phaetons, Gladstones, Concordas, Piano boxes, Corral trap bargains. A different styles of open and closed carriages at 50 per cent less than usual prices.

HAWKER'S CATARRH CURE. POSITIVE PAINLESS PERFECT CURE SAFE SIMPLE. EFFECTUALLY CURES CATARRH, SORE IN THE HEAD, CATARRH OF HEAD, ACHE AND DEAFNESS, INFLUENZA, ETC. Sold everywhere. Price, 25 cents. PREPARED BY T. H. A. WELLS MEDICINE CO., LTD., ST. JOHN, N.B.

D. S. Howard, the well known merchant of Fredericton, N. B., sends the Hawker's Medicine Co's following unalloyed testimonial: Some months ago, when suffering from a severe cold, I was advised to try Hawker's Balm of Tolu, and Wild Cherry and Hawker's Liver Pills, which I am thankful to say completely cured me. I have recommended Hawker's Balm to every man suffering from Croup, whooping cough, and in every case it has proved to be the most effective. Sold everywhere, 25 and 50 cents a bottle. Bronchitis and Influenza are quickly cured by Hawker's Tolu and Wild Cherry Balsam.

POLITICAL NOTES.

A Glance at the Leading Measures Carried in the House of Assembly of New Brunswick, from the Year 1854.

By G. E. FENEVY, Fredericton, N. B.

No. 5.

The Hon. John Ambrose Street, Attorney General in Defence of the Government—Curious Mixed State of Things—The Government Dejected—Members of the New, and First Party Government—Hon. Daniel Hanington, Speaker—The Reciprocity Bill.



HON. JOHN AMBROSE STREET.

The Attorney General (the Hon. John Ambrose Street) made a most able and forcible speech in answer to the lucid speeches in opposition. He complained that the Opposition should have taken the present opportunity to try and defeat the Government, when the Legislature had been called together for a special purpose—to consider the Reciprocity Treaty only. The Government were therefore taken by surprise and consequently unprepared for attack and defence. In regard to the question of the Judges and Sir Edmund Head, this was all settled before he took office, and therefore he could not be held accountable. It had been made a grave charge that His Excellency had compelled his Council to crouch at his feet. Now what did His Excellency do? How did his Council quail before him and lie prostrate at his feet? The Governor had sent a Message to the Council, which they disapproved of, and upon their remonstrance it was withdrawn. The hon. member's conduct (Mr. Fisher) upon this point had been exceedingly disingenuous, and he (Hon. Attorney General) would say that although not then a member of the Government, or in any way connected with it, and therefore not called upon to justify their measures at that period, yet from the hon. member's own statement, and from the despatches and documents appearing in the Journals of the House, he could not find that His Excellency Sir Edmund Head had, under the peculiar circumstances in which he was then placed, acted wrong, or unconstitutionally, according to responsible Government; nor did he believe the course Sir Edmund then took was the cause of the hon. member's boasted resignation, which, if the hon. member had been sincere, should have been sent in immediately that he was rejected by the people at the general election of 1850, or failed to secure his return, instead of waiting till nearly six months after that period. On the 25th October, 1850, the Council, after two or three days deliberation, handed the Governor the following Minute:

The Committee of Council having had under consideration the resignation of his Honor the Chief Justice, and His Excellency's Memorandum accompanying the same, and having duly deliberated thereon, are of opinion that it is not advisable to appoint any person to the vacant office, and that such a revision of the Judiciary should be made by the Legislature as will secure the efficient discharge of the judicial duties by three Judges of the Supreme Court, together with the Master of the Rolls, and that the necessary measures should be made to carry out the above arrangement at the next Session of the Legislature.

The Members of the Council, it would appear, after signing this Minute left Fredericton for their homes—and His Excellency complains that he should be left without a quorum for further consultation, which he desired. This Minute, however, had been signed by a majority of his Council. Therefore His Excellency would have been safe in acting upon the advice it contained.

The Attorney General went on to say, that "His Excellency being left alone, was perplexed and knew not exactly how to act. He (the Governor) appealed to the Secretary for the reasons which induced the majority of the Council to make the recommendation contained in the Minute, but could get no satisfactory reply; he then appealed to the Judges for their opinion. After having weighed everything over in his mind he wrote the Despatch from which he (Hon. Attorney General) had just quoted, and concluded by pointing out three courses, either of which Earl Grey might advise Her Majesty to pursue: the first to follow the recommendation of the majority of the Council; the second to appoint one of the Puisne Judges to the office of Chief Justice, and to leave a vacancy on the Bench until the Legislature met; and the third to complete the full number of Judges on the Bench, acting on the law as it then stood, without reference to the Legislature. His Lordship had chosen the latter course."

The gravest charge (said the Attorney General) brought against the Government was the manner in which the Judges were appointed, the members of the present

Government being held responsible for the sins of their predecessors. He protested against the doctrine; but if the House decided contrary to his opinion, by the passing of the amendment, let them watch and see how the principle would be carried out by the new Government. How could they take in any member of the present Government—if that doctrine prevailed—without making themselves responsible for the very sins they now charged the present Government as being guilty of? He admitted that the Government as a whole were responsible for whatever the leader of the Government might say in his place, but he did not hold himself accountable for what the Government had done before he joined them. When Sir Edmund Head consulted his Council upon filling up the vacancy on the Bench, the hon. member (Mr. Fisher) differed with the majority of his colleagues as to the number of Judges requisite in the province, and wrote a letter on the subject to Earl Grey. He knew of the Governor's Message of the 23rd of October, and he did not like it because he was not a member of the House at the time; but now he endeavored to throw the blame of his own shoulders upon others. He was always glad to see good feeling prevail in the House, but the hon. mover of the amendment, and other hon. members of the Opposition had entangled some of his colleagues in the Government, and attacked him, laying all the charges at his feet as though he alone was responsible. The hon. mover of the amendment had disclosed his acrimonious feelings. He (Hon. Attorney General) stood in his way. He wanted his silk gown, and had strung together a tissue of personal charges to injure him with the country, but he defied his efforts and his machinations. He (Hon. Attorney General) knew nothing about the difficulties between the Governor and his Council previous to his joining the Government; he had neither seen nor heard anything like detraction since he joined. He did not pretend to be a great politician; but if low cunning, manoeuvre, political tergiversation, and a readiness to accomplish his ends by any and every means, constituted a politician, he (Hon. Attorney General) was both glad and proud to say that he was not one—(hear, hear)—although others may lay claim to that honor."

The above references are considered all that is necessary for the purpose of conveying to the reader the style of the attack and defence, and probably the arguments used, in this great debate—a debate which led for the first time in the history of the Province, to an entire overthrow of the Government, and shortly afterwards to the formation of the first strictly party Government ever inaugurated in New Brunswick. On the 28th, the division took place upon Mr. Fisher's amendment to the address:

For Mr. Fisher's Amendment: Messrs. Fisher, English, Brown, Tibbitts, Ritchie, Lunt, Johnson, Ferris, Smith, Ryan, Harding, McClellan, Tilley, McClellan, Macpherson, Cutler, Hatheaway, McPhelim, Steadman, Suttan, Landry, McNaughton, McAdam, End, Gilmour, Botsford—27, Connell.

Against the Amendment: Messrs. Street, Messrs. Taylor, Partelow, Gilbert, Wilmot, McLeod, Gray, Boyd, Hayward, Pardy, Montgomery, Rice—12. Mr. Kerr absent. The Speaker (Mr. Hanington) in the Chair.

This, as above remarked, was the first great party triumph—the real commencement of "Responsible Government," for it led, as will presently be seen, to a Government being formed, which, so to speak, sprang directly from the loins of the people without the admission of a solitary individual whose associations had been in any degree identified with the old party. The size of the majority, two to one took every body by surprise, and it only showed how fragile were the ligaments, and little to be depended on, which kept the old Government in existence for so long a time; for there were some who now voted with the Opposition who had been all along steadfast adherents of all Governments. Had there been no Special Session, which was an unfortunate occurrence for the party in power, the Government might have held their offices until the regular time of meeting—in February—and perhaps by that time might have satisfied some of their wavering supporters that they were not as bad as represented by the Opposition; and consequently the majority against them would probably have been less—if any. This "special" occasion, however, came too suddenly upon the Government; and they were put hors du combat before they had time to think that the danger that threatened and the catastrophe that followed were at all imminent.

The new Government were formed after several days' negotiation, and was announced to the House as follows:— Hon. CHAS. FISHER, Attorney General; Hon. J. JOHNSON, Solicitor General; Hon. S. L. TILLEY, Provincial Secretary; Hon. Mr. STEEVES, Surveyor General; Hon. Mr. RITCHIE, Executive Councillor; Hon. Mr. BROWN, and without office. The Hon. Mr. HANINGTON—Speaker.

But now a fresh clap of thunder burst over the heads of the new Government—a declaration of war was made by and from the quarter the least to be expected. Mr. J. R. Cutler, who made one of the longest and most appropriate speeches on the side of the late Opposition, became the champion of the no doubt disappointed aspirants for office, and presented a series of Resolutions in condemnation of the new creation, based upon the following grounds:—1st, because

Mr. Kincaid had not been considered as on the road to the Bench, in place of another gentleman, whose claims had been urged on political grounds; 2ndly, because no Roman Catholic had been taken into the Government; 3rdly, because an insult had been offered to the Agricultural interests, by not placing a representative man in the Council; 4thly, the violation of Constitutional principles by appointing a member from the upper branch to the office of Surveyor General.

This resolution was debated for some time, and thrown out 19 to 9. The "Reciprocity Bill" was committed, discussed and passed. A congratulatory address to the Queen for the great victory of the Alma, was agreed to by both Branches; and the Legislature was prorogued on the 3rd November. Thus in ten days the whole fabric of ancient rights and exclusiveness was destroyed, and a new Government, consisting mostly of young men, were installed in their places.

It was a strictly party composition—called Liberals—or Responsible Government advocates—the system thenceforward to be carried out in its essence, and no longer to be used as a term of pretence to delude and bewilder the unwary. All eyes, friends and foes alike, were directed towards the new Government. Friends expected much, while opponents ridiculed the notion that any good could possibly come out of men, deficient in the training and education which so eminently befitted the old school of Politicians to govern.

The Heads of Departments on going back to their constituents were re-elected.

In my last letter I was made to speak of the special session for the consideration of the Reciprocity Treaty, as having been called for 1852! It should read 1854. Again, the picture of Mr. Connell was prematurely introduced and was not to appear until his time came to go into the debate in which he was concerned.—G. E. F.

JIM HUTCHINS' BOY. Why a Citizen Thought the Law Did Not Reach His Case.

"There is a law against killing boys, isn't there?" asked Mr. Jones of the magistrate.

"Yes most of the boys, anyhow."

"Well, then, the law ought to do something to protect citizens against Hutchins' boy, if anybody'll be obliged to kill him."

"What's he been doing?"

"Why, Hutchins' boy, lives next door to me, and his boy Jim makes life miserable for my family. That boy, on Tuesday—let's see, was it Tuesday we had such a gale? Yes, Tuesday, he was flying a big kite, and when it was high up and pulling like a steam-tug he tied the string to the terrier's tail! I'll kill that boy of Hutchins' yet before I've done with him! And so, of course, the dog, off he goes about ten miles high! And then he started due south like lightning, and for all I know he's in Cape Colony by this time, and still moving."

"Have you advertised for him?"

"Advertised? Thunder! No! No use. And the next day Jim Hutchins' boy, he gets another kite and goes upon his roof to fly it. And then he has to go fooling about until he gets on my chimney, and then he comes down, and when he's down he pulls me down the flue! Holler? You never heard a boy holler as he did! I thought to fish him out with a clothes-line and a slipnoose; no use; I left for him with a fishing-rod; too far down. I poked up from below, and when it was high up I wanted to blow him out with powder; but his mother threatened to sue me if I did."

"Finally, we tied a man to a rope, let the man down, pulled, and brought him up as black as ink from head to foot; and then old Hutchins said he thought the least I could do would be to pay for the boy's clothes, because the flue was so dirty?"

"Did you pay for the clothes?"

"Of course not; but only two days later that boy got out down by my stable with his mother's oil can, and I think he must have emptied it in among my cow-feed. Anyhow, all I know is that my cow coughed for the next ten milkings, and ever since we have been burning her milk in our lapst of an evening."

"It gives a beautiful light, but makes an inferior quality of butter and is unpalatable to the baby, who has been confined to oatmeal gruel. The next cow I get'll be one that'll lose any boy who comes in the yard, now mind me."

"I'll send a policeman round to warn the boy to behave," said the magistrate.

"All right," said Mr. Jones; "but he won't mind. Sudden death is the only thing that boy wants, and he'll get it if he isn't careful."

THINGS OF VALUE. We have a friend we thereby acquire a new motive for keeping ourselves strong and cheerful in order not to afflict him with our unhappiness.—W. R. Alger

I was Cured of a bad case of Grip by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Sydney, C. B. C. I. LAQUE.

I was Cured of loss of voice by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Yarmouth, CHARLES PLUMMER.

I was Cured of Sciatica Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. BURN, Nfld. LEWIS S. BUTLER.

ADVENTURES OF A HEAD.

It Originally Belonged to the Famous Cardinal Richelieu.

The restoration of the Church of the Sorbonne has revived a discussion as to the authenticity of the head of Cardinal Richelieu, which, together with the other remains of the great statesman, lies in the splendid mausoleum erected by Girardon nearly two centuries ago. In 1793 a gang of revolutionists broke into the mausoleum, with the intention of scattering its contents to the wind, and, one of their number cutting off the head with his sword, showed it to the mob. Thanks to the intervention of Lenoir, the body, which was also in a wonderful state of preservation, was spared; but the head, or what was presumed to be the head, was ultimately recovered, and, after passing through several hands, was, in 1866 officially presented to M. Victor Duruy, then minister of public instruction, who had it united to the body and restored with considerable ceremony to the old place in the mausoleum at the Sorbonne.

The head had been borne away one hundred years ago by a draper named Chevrol, who had among his regular customers the Abbe Nicolas Armez. He showed the head to the priest, and some time afterward, dreading that its possession might get him into trouble, he presented it to accept it. At first the Abbe Armez declined the offer, but, thinking that the relic might fall into worse hands, he finally consented. Some years later the priest gave the head to his brother, then mayor of Ploisrive, in the department of the Cotes du Nord, whose son, then elected a deputy in the reign of Louis Philippe, brought it with him to Paris. Deputy Armez, in 1840, lent the head to M. Bonhomme, a painter, who had been asked to execute a portrait of the Cardinal, and whose picture still hangs in one of the rooms of the council of state. It was in 1866 that, after negotiating with M. Duruy, M. Armez presented the relic to the State, and on the 15th of December in the same year it was solemnly deposited in the mausoleum at the Church of the Sorbonne. Now the question as to whether the head is, after all, authentic, is again being raised. The balance of evidence is in favor of the above story being true.

"For Years,"

SAYS LARRIE E. STOCKWELL, of Chesterfield, N. H., "I was afflicted with an extremely severe pain in the lower part of the chest. The feeling was as if a ton weight was laid on a spot the size of my hand. During the attacks, the perspiration would stand in drops on my face, and it was agony for me to make a sufficient effort even to whisper."

"I have advertised for him?"

"Advertised? Thunder! No! No use. And the next day Jim Hutchins' boy, he gets another kite and goes upon his roof to fly it. And then he has to go fooling about until he gets on my chimney, and then he comes down, and when he's down he pulls me down the flue! Holler? You never heard a boy holler as he did! I thought to fish him out with a clothes-line and a slipnoose; no use; I left for him with a fishing-rod; too far down. I poked up from below, and when it was high up I wanted to blow him out with powder; but his mother threatened to sue me if I did."

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No wonder churchyards are haunted. After he has been kicked and cuffed all his life, a fellow's ghost can't have a spark of vanity if it doesn't enjoy a quiet sit down in the moonlight in order to read the epitaph.

The Early spring tries Weak Lungs, which should be fortified by a liberal use of Puttner's Emulsion—only 50 cents a bottle, at all Druggists.

Almost all kinds of labour are paid twice as well in Paris in the department of France; bakers in Paris make 67 pence a day, in the departments 35 pence; carpenters 83 pence and 38 pence respectively.

The bee works harder than most people would believe. There are about sixty cluster tubes in every head of clover, and only a tiny morsel of honey in each. In order to get enough sugar for a load the bee must visit about 6,000 different flowers, and each bee makes on an average twenty trips a day.

In Sitka, when an Indian wife had lost her husband by death, she goes into mourning by painting the upper part of her face a deep black.

The surest thing about

Surprise Soap. Is that it cleans clean without injury to finest fabrics.

DON'T READ We Wash, You Iron. Large or small pieces we wash and dry for 25 Cents per dozen. Ungar's Laundry and Dye Works, 28-34 WATERLOO ST., St. John, N. B.

DO YOU KNOW For an Actual Fact that GRANBY RUBBERS ARE THE BEST? If Not, Try a Pair.

Thackeray's Complete Works—10 vols. Given for one new or renewal subscription and \$2.90 additional.

Have You Seen the New Yost Typewriter?

If you purchase a typewriter without seeing the New Yost you will make a very great mistake. The new Yost has abolished them and no other machine can retain them and live.

WHAT MUST GO: BAD ALIGNMENT, ILLEGIBLE WORK, FOUL INK RIBBONS, BOTHERSOME SHIFT KEYS, DOUBLE SCALES, ETC., are no longer to be tolerated or pardoned. THE NEW YOST has abolished them and no other machine can retain them and live.

IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, St. John, or the following Agent



HE HAD A GENTLE HEART

MORE ABOUT THE LIFE AND WORK OF MONTGOMERY.

Incidents of His Life at Sheffield—Facts in Which His Nature Was Like that of Cowper—Such Had Great Traits—Montgomery's Poetry.

For many years James Montgomery resided at Sheffield, editing his paper, while writing, and from time to time, publishing his poems, and growing more and more in the affection and esteem of his townsmen, and of mankind, wherever his fame extended. He was the witness of great social disturbances, resulting in the final advancement of important social interests. He heard the mad outcries of men driven to despair by the most oppressive of laws, and the hardest of social and industrial conditions; and saw the frequent outbreaks, the exhibitions of mob passion and sallies of desperate resistance. But in the midst of this turbulence, and amid the opposing classes he stood, a reconciling angel, the message of love and peace ever upon his lips, the light of a benign spirit ever tempering a certain pensiveness in his face. A purer reputation, a deeper or more grateful affection, amid his countrymen, poet never enjoyed; while even those formerly concerned in his legal persecution became his life-long friends; enjoying far more than his forgiveness. The part of Sheffield, where for so long time he resided, and from which he sent forth poetry and politics,—known as the Harthead, is described as "a sort of cul-de-sac, having no carriage road throughout only one into it, and that not from the main street. The shop which used to be the Iris office is of an odd gable shape, at the end of a row of buildings, it has huge gable windows, with great, dark green shutters. The door is at the corner, making it a three-cornered shop." The neighborhood has degenerated since the poet's time, and is more of a haunt of beer shop frequenters and pettifogging lawyers than it used to be; and where once the poet preached justice and religion from the press, are now "encouraged scenes destructive of every vestige of virtue or morality."

Montgomery afterward resided at the Mount, on the Glossop road, the west end of Sheffield, at least a mile and a half from the old Iris office, and is one regular ascent all the way. The situation is lovely, lying high; and there are many pleasant villas built on the sides of the hill in their ample pleasure grounds, the abodes of the wealthy manufacturers. The Mount, par-

excellence, is the house, or rather terrace, where Montgomery lived. It is a large building, with a noble portico of six fine Ionic columns, so that it looks a residence fit for a prince. It stands in ample pleasure grounds, and looks over a splendid scene of hills and valleys. The rooms enjoy this fine prospect over the valley of the Sheaf and the Porter, which, however, are sometimes obscured with the smoke blowing from the town.

As a tribute to his character and a description of his person, we can select nothing preferable to this by a fellow-townsmen of James Montgomery: It may be said, that nature never infused into a human composition a greater portion of kindness and general philanthropy. A heart more sensibly alive to every better as well as every finer feeling, never beat in a human bosom. Perhaps no two individuals, in manners, pursuits, character, and composition, ever more exactly corresponded with each other, than Montgomery and Cowper. The same benevolence of heart, the same modesty of deportment, the same purity of life, the same attachment to literary pursuits, the same fondness for solitude and retirement from the public haunts of men; and to complete the picture, the same ardent feeling in the cause of religion, and the same disposition to gloom and melancholy. His person, which was rather below the middle stature, was neatly formed; his features had the general expression of simplicity and benevolence, rendered more interesting by a hue of melancholy that pervaded them. When animated by conversation, his words were uncommonly brilliant, and his whole countenance was full of intelligence. He possessed great command of language; his observations were those of an acute and penetrating mind, and his expressions were frequently strikingly metaphorical and eloquent. By all who saw and conversed with him he was esteemed; by all who knew him he was beloved.

It remains to observe briefly upon his poetry. It does not, like that of Elliott and smack of the soil, or associate itself with the scenes amid which he lived: the exquisite passion for dear, dear earth is not there; but, rather, what George Elliot would term, the passion of "other worldliness." His principal poetic writings fill us with high esteem for the writer's talents and character; but, as poems, they do not deeply impress, and we do not care often to recur to them. No poem, which is not truly epic in conception and power,—his poem which is not, so to speak, volcanic and mountainous, carved with mines of gold, and gems, and light into the region of the thunder and sun,—no poem that is not the very greatest, should ever be long. The Rickeraths and Percivals have made a grand mistake, and the Southbeys are more talked about than read. "The Muse of Homer sometimes nods at the Muse of Cowper, who shall give our yawns when the Younger and Tooke's take up the strain?"

Indeed, did not Poe affirm, in his essay on "The Poetic Principle," that, by the very such thing as a long poem; but a succession of episodes. The duration of the poetical excitement at its maximum is so brief, the exquisite taste of the spiritual palate so soon dulled, that no man can hold out to the end, even of the book or canto; and a poem must be measured by the capable reader's capacity of enjoyment, and consequent appreciation. Col. Ingersoll—as keen as he is perverse—said in a recent lecture on Burns,—"All poems are short. There cannot be a long poem any more than there can be a long joke." This is just within its proper limitations. A song can not be long; it is an outburst of the heart. A lyric must be brief and pregnant with melody and fire. But these criticisms ignore the law of the Epic. The greatest and most clear-sighted men do not argue so. There is such a thing as "epical and dramatic unity, in a great work of the poet's art. It may not be at once entirely enjoyed, or comprehended,—it would not be great if it could be; but, studied in its parts, on successive occasions, it grows on the student-lover, as on the beholder, the total effect of a complex, grand, cathedral, which for some time may have been studied in detail, until the relations of its exquisite parts more certainly appear, and the mind dilates with a suddenness to better effect before only suspected, or only dimly seen. Shakespeare, Dante, Homer, Goethe, and the Greek dramatists respond to this test largely, and Milton in a degree scarcely inferior; but to such a test Montgomery can not respond at all, for his works are not in any eminent degree works of the imagination. Taste and chastity of feeling may be claimed, but qualities no higher. Highly imaginative poets, like Wordsworth even, not having the width of comprehension and requisite power of combination, appear to better advantage in lyrical flights, and in episodes of their more extended poems. We think this true of Montgomery. We like him best in his occasional tender, musical and heart-soft strains, such as "The Common Lot," "The Grave," "The Mole-hill," "The Peak Mountains," and the exquisite tribute to Burns, whom he would fain have taken to his heart without reserve, but for the spots so plain on that fallen angel's wings. Montgomery was never strong enough in his poetic opinion, nor clear enough in his poetic vision to excel in any venture beyond the lyric; and upon him was also the handicap of a melancholic temperament, confirmed and warped by the austerity of his Fulneck training, beside the hampering notions, imposed by his religion, as to historic verity, which acted with fatal restraint upon his imagination.

Any view of Montgomery's poetry would be incomplete that ignored his hymns; for it is as a christian hymnist that his compositions shine. His hymns are ardent, and free from sectarian bias, and breathe a fervent and simple spirit of devotion. What collection of Hymnody does not embrace such favorites as, "Praise is the soul's sincere desire," "Servant of God will done," "Forever with the Lord," "Mark! the song of Jubilee," "Oh, where shall rest be found," "The Lord is in the arms of glory,"

O God! thou art my God alone;" Hail to the Lord's Anointed;" with others of equal merit, that might be named. There is one of these lyrics, in particular, endeared to us by those voices sounding sweetly in the far-away days, which never loses its familiar charm. Our heart is responsive whenever we listen to the strains of, "A poor way-faring man of grief;" it has the poetic facility and quaintness of Henry Vaughan, or of Quarles, or Herbert, stripped of all their archaic conceits. We put it side by side with Wesley's, "Come, O thou traveler unknown," in our loving estimation.

This gentle and godly man attained his final rest in his eighty-third year,—April 30th, 1854. His soul has "entered the joy of his Lord." His body lies in the cemetery at Sheffield; and over his grave, surmounting a granite pedestal, stands a life-size statue of the poet, in bronze, designed by John Bell. A popular demonstration at the time of its inauguration testified to the loving reverence in which his memory is held.

PASTOR FELIX.

Didn't See The Job. A youth of England lawyer, having had occasion to summon an abusive cabman, was surprised one morning when his clerk informed him that the cabby, not recognizing him, had called to know whether or not he would take his defence.

"Oh, certainly," was the reply with a smile of amusement; "tell him to get off for a guinea."

It was the cabman's turn to be surprised, however, on the action being withdrawn and his recognizing the plaintiff and the solicitor as one and the same person.

"Why, hang me if that ain't the cove I gave a guinea to," he remarked, failing to see anything particularly humorous about the matter.

Good Way to Keep Accounts. Tattooing is still a favorite personal decoration with some of the natives of Samoa, though not so fashionable there as formerly. Those who practice the art have an effective way of securing their pay.

The color extends from the waist to the knees, no other part of the body being marked. In the small of the back the design shades off to a point, which is never finished by the tattooer till his bill has been paid.

As the incomplete design is public evidence of the wearer's indebtedness, the artist seldom has to wait long for his money.

He Found Mr. Spriggins. "Did you find Mr. Spriggins, Pat?" "I did, sorr." "What did he say?" "Niver a word, sorr." "Not a word?" "Not a word, sorr." "Why no?" "Patrick?" "Because he was out." "I thought you said you found him?" "I did, sorr; I found him out."

For Weak Nerves. USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE. It is particularly useful in making weak nerves strong, as it contains necessary elements of nutrition for the nervous system, obtained from natural sources.



Tooke's Collars, Cuffs, and Shirts for sale by the Leading Houses in the Dominion.

Advertisement for Taylor's safes, established 1855, located at 145 & 147 Front Street East, Toronto. The ad features the brand name in large, stylized letters.

Advertisement for Famous Fiction, featuring the world's greatest authors. It lists titles like 'The World's Greatest Authors' and 'A Charming Set of Books'.



Advertisement for Charles Dickens' Complete Works, 15 vols. It offers a special price for new or renewal subscribers and includes a list of titles such as 'East Lynne', 'Lady Audley's Secret', and 'The Last Days of Pompeii'.

Large advertisement for Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic. It features a central illustration of a man in a suit pointing upwards. The text includes the slogan 'LOOK HERE, You've Had THE GRIP' and 'Take My Advice, GET A BOTTLE OF HAWKER'S Nerve and Stomach TONIC'. It also mentions 'LA GRIPPE' and 'PRICE 50 CENTS A BOTTLE'.

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, partially cut off, containing various fragments of text and small illustrations.

WOMAN and HER WORK.

A correspondent wrote to me in all earnestness last week asking me if I believed there was no such thing as unselfishness in the world; and more especially if I had ever met an unselfish man. Now the question she asks is such a very broad one and so full of general interest that I decided it was worthy of a little more attention than an ordinary query in the correspondence column usually receives, and so have taken it for the subject of the little talk I generally try to have with my readers before beginning the more serious business of the week.

I think it would be the most terrible thing imaginable to believe seriously that there was no unselfishness in the world and I cannot imagine anyone doing so, it is in too direct contradiction not only of all that our own experience has taught us, but also of everything that has made life worth living since the world began!

"No such thing as unselfishness?" What about the sleepless nights and anxious days our parents spent over us at the very threshold of our lives, of the unceasing care, and utter self-forgetfulness with which they watched us anticipating our slightest want, and cheerfully giving up not only their time, their own comfort and their own inclinations, but absolutely their whole lives for our sakes. Why I tell you girls that it would be a strange thing for human beings to disbelieve in unselfishness when they are surrounded by it from the very hour of their birth, cradled in it, and nurtured by it until they are old enough to be independent of it, and then perhaps turn round and deny its existence.

The more I think about the subject the more surprised I am that anyone should waste a moment's thought in questioning the existence of a virtue which is perhaps the most common one in the world, and of which the whole universe teems with evidences. One must indeed go through life with closely shut eyes if he fails to see unselfishness in its most beautiful and touching forms on every side of him, from the devoted mother who denies herself almost the necessities of life, that her darling boy may go through college and receive the education of a gentleman, down to the hungry street urchin who shares the "bit o' luck" in the shape of an apple or cake that has fallen in his way, with his still hungrier comrade. And we need not depend on the human race alone for examples of unselfishness; which of us is there who possesses any points of observation at all, who has not watched the lean and hungry looking mother cat bring home a plump mouse and hand it over to her kitten, asking no greater pleasure than to watch the creature she loves enjoying the fruits of her labor? And who has not seen the common barn door hen scratching eagerly for succulent worms and bugs, and then calling her greedy, boisterous family around her to partake of the treat? I think all farmers and poultry fanciers will bear me out in the statement that they never saw a mother hen who was anything but a mere frame of bones with just enough skin and feathers stretched over them to keep them together, until after her family were all grown up, and provided for. Coming down to the tiny creatures of the air, let anyone who doubts that unselfishness, instead of selfishness is the rule amongst created beings watch the little birds when they are brooding, and rearing their young; the male bird undertakes the task of feeding his mate while she is sitting on her nest and that obligation is rigidly fulfilled whether food be plentiful or scarce; if he can only find enough for one, be sure that one will not be himself, for not a morsel will be touched until his spouse is satisfied, she comes first and after that it is time enough to think of himself. I only wish all husbands followed the brave little bird's example. And even after the young are hatched, the father bird's work is not lightened but only shared, his wife helps him to provide for the hungry youngsters, and together they devote their lives to the younger generation, who give them so little thanks, and so soon fly away and forget them; but the parent birds ask for no return, they are satisfied to perform their task for pure love of the little creatures who take all, and give nothing neither expecting, nor obtaining any reward.

So much for the general unselfishness which helps to make the world go round, and prevents this life from being utterly flat, stale and unprofitable. Now for the second clause of this query which has started my tongue—or rather my pen—wagging this morning. "Have I ever met an unselfish man?" Yes, thank God, I have met several, and known them well; not millions of them, of course, nor even hundreds, but a few; quite enough to redeem their sex from the charge of utter selfishness which has lain upon them for so long, and if I, with my limited experience, can point to a decent percentage of men with whom self is not the ruling power, why should not other women be able to do the same, and thus show that man is not as black as he is painted, and let the city be spared for the sake of even a few righteous men, instead of condemning the innocent with the guilty?

I have met men whose unconscious, and

utter unselfishness might put many a woman to shame! Men who had become so accustomed to think of others first, and themselves last of all, that it had become second nature, and they did not know it was a virtue, and would as soon have thought of claiming credit for the color of their eyes or the shape of their feet, as for a characteristic they were almost unconscious of possessing, and for which they would never have dreamed of expecting praise.

I have known men who would cheerfully give their last cent to anyone who needed it and never imagine they had done anything wonderful, who really loved their wives, or their mothers and sisters better than themselves, and who thought it only right and natural to do the hardest work in order that their wives might sit at ease, and have nothing to trouble them; who would pinch themselves in secret, to let their wives enjoy some treat they could not otherwise have afforded, and who would resort to almost any subterfuge rather than let those for whom the sacrifice was made, suspect it, and to deprive the anticipated pleasure of half its enjoyment.

And last, though by no means least, I have known really bright, clever men who never talked about themselves or their own doings, who did not assert their opinions and set them up above everyone else's, who listened as politely and with as much interest when their wives spoke as if they had been perfect strangers, who asked their wives' advice, consulted them on important subjects and were not ashamed to show respect to their opinions, and to tell other men how highly they valued their wives' advice and how dearly they loved their mothers. I have known men who did all these things and yet who were thoroughly manly, thoroughly human, and self-loveable in spite of it all, unlikely as it may sound to some people, and I firmly believe that the man who asserts that all his sex and all his species are selfish is but a poor creature, who judges others by himself. So it is scarcely to be wondered at that I am willing to defend the theory for the sake of the few whose virtues I have known, and I should be very glad indeed to have the opinions of some others of my sex on the subject; therefore if any of the maids, or matrons, especially the latter whose experience must necessarily be greater, who read this page will write and tell me what they think about it. I should be very much pleased, and I think the subject would be interesting to us all. When I say matrons and maids I do not mean to exclude the other sex by any means, but will be glad to hear what they have to say also.

I am sorry to be obliged to remind my correspondents so often, that letters which are scribbled all over both sides of the paper, cannot be answered. I have spoken of this many times, and with the hope that it would be so frequently, and with the hope that I have grown tired of being lenient even with first offenders, and now consign all such letters to the waste basket; so correspondents who have failed to receive any answer to their communications will please accept this intimation of the reason therefor.

For the benefit of the numerous correspondents, who frequently ask me for the names of the proper precious stones for different months of the year, and also for one correspondent in particular, who requested me to do so, I repeat the list I have so often published.

The language of precious stones—January: Jacynth or garnet, constancy and fidelity. February: Amethyst, sincerity. March: Bloodstone, courage. April: Sapphire or diamond, repentance or innocence. May: Emerald, success in love. June: Agate, health and long life. July: Cornelian, a contented mind. August: Sardonyx, conjugal felicity. September: Chrysolite, preserves from folly, an antidote to madness. October: Opal, fidelity and hope. November: Topaz, fidelity and friendship. December: Turquoise or malachite, prosperity and the most brilliant success and happiness under all circumstances.

SHUT IN, N. B.—I am afraid you thought I had forgotten to answer your last letter, but it was only that the space for correspondence seems to shrink each week, and there have been a number of letters waiting for some time. I don't think it was good of me at all to devote a little space to answering your letter, which fully deserved all the attention it received. Your letters are a real pleasure to me, and I only wish I could answer them more fully; if you would not mind trusting your address to me in the strictest confidence, perhaps I might be able to do so. The promise of an appreciative audience of one, will help me many a time when I feel inclined to doubt most things myself in particular, and I thank you for it sincerely, it is no small matter always to feel sure of the sympathy of one, especially one whose opinion is worth having.

About your book—I feared you would be late with it, and I do hope you will have it ready early, not later than the spring, if possible, as I believe that would be the best time.

I was so sorry to hear of your illness, and trust that you will continue better. I think it will be an additional bond of union between us, when I tell you that I

can feel for you more than most people, having suffered as you do for years; and perhaps it will encourage you to know that I am fairly well now, so I trust most sincerely that you will get strong by and by. I cannot say that I have much faith in the scientific idea of dismissing pain and weakness by mere will power, either. I wish I could help you, for you have much to bear. Perhaps I may take advantage some day of your suggestion about the invalids and perhaps also, I know, more about the subject than you have any idea of.

The conclusion of your letter was very sad, and I hope you will let me have a line now and then, just to tell me you have not yet "passed over to the silent majority" but are still living your brave and patient life. Believe me, I think of you very often. I trust this New Year may bring you both health and happiness.

SAMANTHA.—Surely Josiah Allen's Samantha should know as much about the subject as I do, but if you wish my opinion, you have only to read the first column of this page, and you will find it, and be surprised to see what a long and prominent answer your letter received. Of course I believe in it, and I think it is a pity those young men did not choose a more sensible subject to debate upon, and one which had two sides. Suppose they try "Resolved—that the moon is made of green cheese. Resolved that it is not"—next time. My dear little girl don't let any such nonsense come between you and happiness, but take that nice boy—I am sure he is nice—and try to teach him what a beautiful thing unselfishness is in a man is, and you will have the blessing of your friends.

Palpitation OF THE Heart, Nervous Exhaustion AND Stomach Trouble.

My daughter, Mrs. Mars, has been suffering from the above diseases for years, and employed all the

Leading Physicians in Rockland and specialists in Boston, but got no relief. They said it was caused by a bad state of the blood. She could not sleep nights; bowels constipated, and palpitation of the heart so bad she could hardly walk. She has taken 4 bottles of

Skoda's Discovery, and SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS. Now she can work every day, eat well and sleep soundly. I can never express my gratitude. MRS. S. E. CROWELL, Rockland, Mass.

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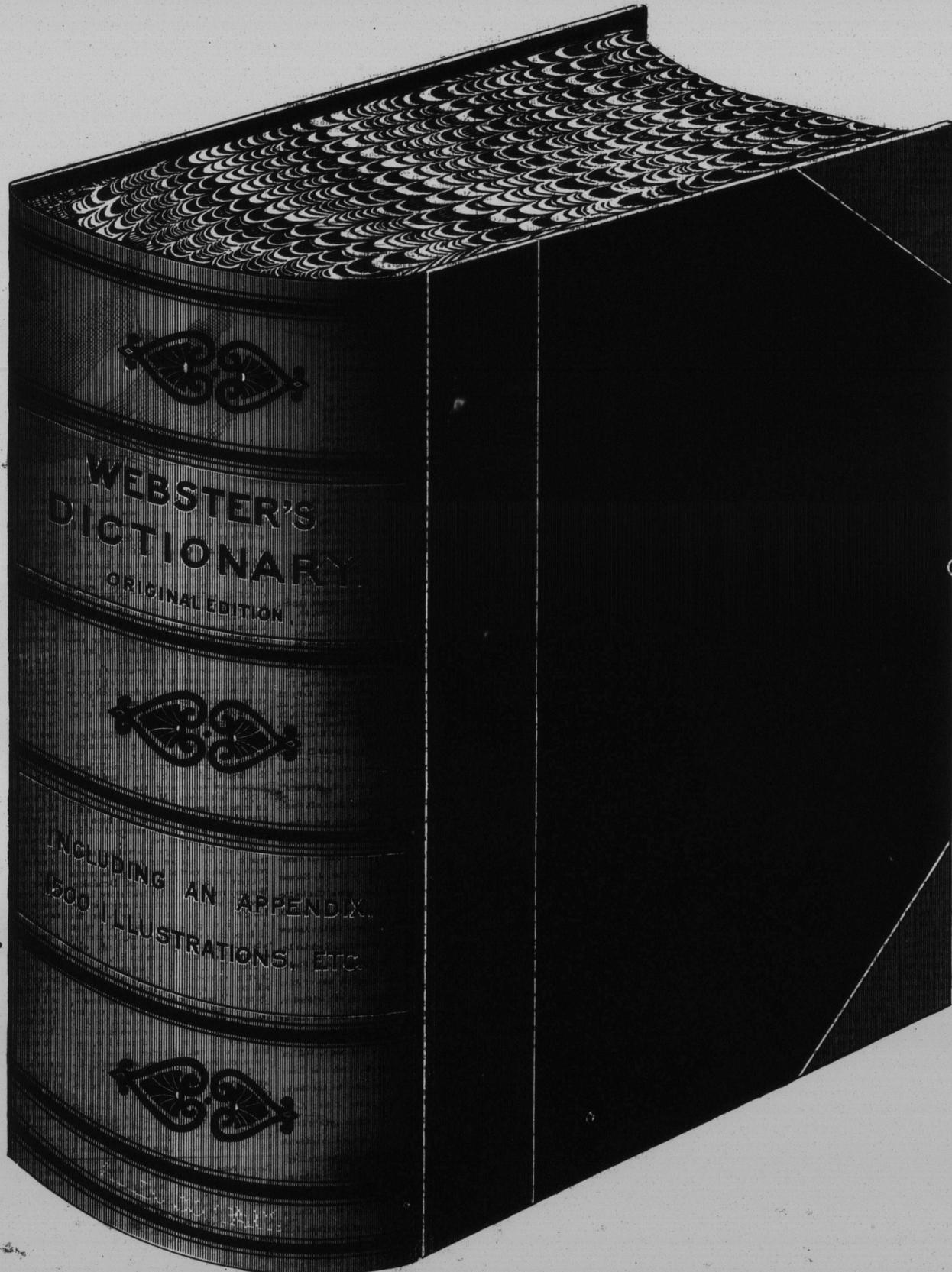
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Address: EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher "Progress," ST. JOHN, N. B.

A MURDERER'S NOSE.

About two years ago there came to me a tall, handsome fellow who gave the name of Mr. George Griffiths. He had a fearless eye, a cheerful, even special expression, an exceptionally well-molded, aquiline nose and a splendidly trimmed and tended, evidently, with scrupulous care. There was no obvious reason, certainly, why he should require my services; there was no possibility of making him better looking.

"I hear that you are a specialist in dermatology," he began, after I had greeted him with the usual formality. I admitted the soft impeachment.

"Well," he went on. "I want you to perform a surgical feat on me. I want my nose altered."

I expressed my surprise, and assured him that, in my humble opinion, his nose was best let alone. But he disputed this proposition, and insisted that he had reasons for being weary of the aquiline and for craving a proboscis as unlike as possible to that which nature had endowed him.

"After several years roughing it in Texas," he said, "I have come back rich and there is nothing to prevent my enjoying myself but the pestering attentions of relatives whom I had hoped to have done with forever when I went abroad. But I cannot escape them or their importunities, so, however eccentric you may think me, I must enlist your services. I presume there is no danger in the operation?"

"No danger," I replied, accepting his explanation as that of an eccentric man whose affairs, after all, were no business of mine, "and very little pain—practically none, in fact. When and where shall I call upon you?"

"Could you not operate here, and now?" he asked.

"Impossible. Your journey home would not be quite without great risk."

Bates, and suggesting that they should forthwith send over to Dresden an official artist with information as to other distinguished marks on Mr. Bates' person besides his aquiline nose and heavy mustache.

"During the next few days I became very intimate with my ex-patient, and in pursuance of a scheme I had formed, invited him more than once to bathe with me from one of the floating baths. This he cheerfully did, being an admirable swimmer. On the fifth day from my writing to London an answer arrived in the person of a stalwart detective from Scotland Yard, who informed me that the real Mr. Bates had, as I suspected, the distinguishing marks which could be verified; among them an anchor tattooed on the left forearm, which I had myself, of course, noticed whilst we were bathing together.

To satisfy himself, before acting on the warrant he had brought with him, the detective, Mr. Hanway, it was agreed, should join my bathing party on the morrow—simple and not disagreeable preliminary to the contemplated arrest.

But alas! for the schemes of mice and men! We called together at Mr. Griffiths'—alias Bates' room in the morning, and found him busy with some correspondence. "If you will wait for me half an hour or so on the Terrace," he said, "which your friend will find very pleasant, I'll join you for a swim in about half an hour." Suspecting nothing, we took our leave—and waited for him as he had directed.

But we waited in vain. Whether the features of my friend, Mr. Hanway, were known to him, or whether there had, in spite of my care, been anything in my manner to excite his suspicions, I cannot say. Suffice it, that we remained a full hour on the Terrace, and then returned to find him—gone!

Whither, we could never trace, and I have never seen him since. From that day to this he has baffled the skill of the police of two countries, and it is my belief that if he be still alive, he has again persuaded some guileless surgeon to operate on him, and once more alter the outline of his features beyond recognition.

"Oh, you're the blaggard that hid the stanchion gear, are you?" he cried and without blinking, he seized a long iron bar, and "laid on" the doctor a gleaming golden light into every corner. He opened a strange figure standing straight in front of him. It was the mummy.

"Oh, my royal mummy," he cried as he traced the cheek of the dusty deck. Then he thought of how he could save his £500, and he said to Billson—

"Here's a shilling, my boy; sweep this dust away;" but he had hardly spoken the words before the captain tapped him on the shoulder and said in a general way—

"Doctor, hand me over £200. You must confess that you have lost the wages."

sum which he would gain as a result of the pleasant trip.

"In round figures, £500," the captain replied.

The doctor smiled. "You expect to reach Liverpool to-morrow evening. I'll bet you £500 that I'll be there that hour of your voyage."

"I'll accept on one condition, that you do not use any violence. It must be a fair and square practical joke."

"Certainly. I'll not speak to the lad."

The wager was consequently agreed to, and the interests of the passengers were fully aroused. For three hours the doctor walked about the deck with a knowing smile on his face. He was certain of making his £500 into £1,000, and he was just making up his mind to buy his wife a valuable diamond necklace.

Just as the full moon was rising through a bank of thick clouds, he heard the captain order Billson to get the stanchion gear out of the locker. The doctor smiled, and he had a tonic ready for reviving the terrified Billson. He had arranged everything.

The boy went to the locker; the gear was not there. He sought in every imaginable place for it, but could not find it. He told the captain, and he ordered him to look in the wheel house. The lad opened the door. The moon shone on a gleaming golden light into every corner. He opened a strange figure standing straight in front of him. It was the mummy.

"Oh, my royal mummy," he cried as he traced the cheek of the dusty deck. Then he thought of how he could save his £500, and he said to Billson—

"Here's a shilling, my boy; sweep this dust away;" but he had hardly spoken the words before the captain tapped him on the shoulder and said in a general way—

Johnston, Jan. 1, by Rev. C. F. Hamilton, Frederick Leonard to Mary F. Coyle.

R. Wick, N. S. Jan. 17, by Rev. E. E. Daley, Sidney H. Budd to Jessie Webster.

Wolfe, Jan. 24, by Rev. M. P. Freeman, Elizabeth L. Caldwell to Maudie E. Ellis.

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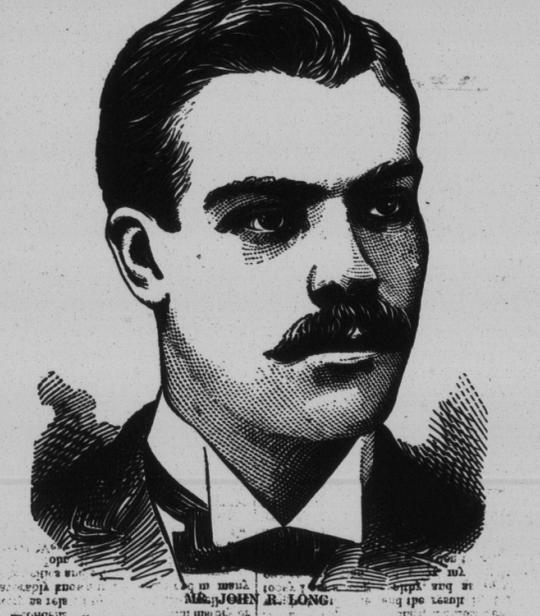
What Tradition Tells Us About The Ambitious City.

LA SALLE AND HIS VOYAGEURS.

The First White Men to set Foot upon Where Now Stands the Flourishing City of Hamilton.

ANOTHER STORY, BUT NOT TRADITIONAL.

IT COMES FROM ONE WHO WAS RESTORED TO LIFE.



Tradition tells us that the first white men to set foot upon where now stands the flourishing city of Hamilton, were La Salle and his voyageurs, who landed on the head of Lake Ontario in 1680.

The first article of the present city's site, gives the name of Robt. Land as the pioneer, and the date 1776. It is often difficult to verify traditional history, but what we know of this particular section of Canada, we attribute to the fact that the story as handed down to us is true.

In this issue of our paper we are permitted (for the benefit of our readers) to give in a condensed form, a wonderful history or story as related by a gentleman, well and favorably known in Hamilton and in many other cities and towns of Ontario.

Mr. John R. Long, of 19 Baitman Street West, Hamilton, is a gentleman who has come very prominently before the Hamiltonians this year, as a publisher of the first Guide Book ever issued for the purpose of advertising the "Ambitious City."

In this work Mr. Long has scored an immense success, and given such a degree of satisfaction, that he has been prevailed upon to publish an enlarged edition in May of the present year.

Now for Mr. Long's interesting story, true in every particular and detail, and related with a view of benefiting thousands of every section of this broad Dominion. We may remark that this brief story has a special reference to a critical period in Mr. Long's life; it refers to a time when his life was in danger and despaired of; when all hope and deliverance seemed to vanish; when the grim reaper stood ready with his outstretched arms to claim his life.

From Mr. Long's letter we give the following extracts:—"I was very terribly afflicted with dyspepsia that I came near dying. When sick with this awful disease, I had constantly a heavy load on my stomach which was as sore as a boil. I was continually gasping for breath, sick all day, my system and mind run low, my kidneys were out of order, my pains were where, costive, always tired and weak, indeed, so weak at intervals that I had to leave my duties to rest; and, as a consequence, I lost my situation, a light, but responsible one. I could not sleep at nights. I rarely ate anything though always hungry, and what little I did eat, nearly drove me crazy. I had no desire for life in this condition. Those around me often

Advertisement for Heliotrope and Infant's Delight Toilet Soap, featuring an illustration of a woman and child.

THE ROYAL MUMMY.

At the request of a society of well learned "dry-as-dusts," an English doctor recently went out to Egypt for the purpose of acquiring a mummy. Of course, the society was composed of very respectable men who had devoted their days and nights to scientific research, and they ventured to recommend their learned brother to acquire the mummy honestly if possible, but he must not allow any false notions of honesty to interfere with his success.

The doctor had a blank cheque, with the secretary's signature, and the foot in his pocket-book, and he left his authority to the society to fill in any figures he chose. He learned man though he was, the doctor was of a somewhat nervous temperament, and he conceived the bold project of securing a fine old mummy "free, gratis, and to nothing."

He knew that the doctor had a fine old mummy "free, gratis, and to nothing." He knew that the doctor had a fine old mummy "free, gratis, and to nothing."

Amongst his many other acquisitions the doctor had picked up some Arabic, and he had very little difficulty in persuading three Arabs to assist him in his spoliation of a tomb.

After all, it was a sad, wretched looking creature. Its hands were piously clasped across its bosom, and its cavernous mouth was wide open—looking for all the world like a poor thing that had been trying to catch flies for three or four thousand years, and hadn't succeeded in catching enough to maintain a little flesh on its shrivelled bones.

"This be our mummy of ze Pharaoh," one of the Arabs had told the doctor in delightfully broken English.

The doctor had more sense than to believe such a story, but he had not much difficulty in persuading himself that he could persuade his colleagues at home of this momentous piece of fiction.

MARRIED.

St. John, Jan. 24, by G. M. W. Carey, Fred Cain to Minnie Corry.

Kearney, Jan. 16, by Rev. W. P. Begg, R. F. Fullerton to Lena Boren.

Havlock, Jan. 24, by Rev. A. F. Brown, Henry H. Macdonald to Annie Reid.

Centerville, Jan. 24, by Rev. J. M. Priestwood, W. T. Tait to Alma Dakin.

Macan, Jan. 6, by Rev. Frank Daver, George A. East to Annie A. East.

Bristol, Jan. 17, by Rev. W. B. Thomas, Ivey F. Avasca to Avelina Avasca.

Norton, Jan. 24, by Rev. David Long, Strirling A. East to Annie A. East.

DIED.

Moiston, Jan. 29, Arthur Bechy.

Truro, Jan. 24, James Linton, 89.

Hallifax, Jan. 21, Henry Kelly, 50.

Carleton, Jan. 29, Mathias Kelscher.

Hallifax, Jan. 24, John Hughes, 46.

Windsor, Jan. 18, Berrie Travis, 12.

Burlington, Jan. 28, Robert Bishop, 80.

Johnston, Jan. 1, by Rev. C. F. Hamilton, Frederick Leonard to Mary F. Coyle.

R. Wick, N. S. Jan. 17, by Rev. E. E. Daley, Sidney H. Budd to Jessie Webster.

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